

THE
CONTROVERSY
ABOUT
RESISTANCE
AND
NON-RESISTANCE,
DISCUSS'D

In Moral and Political Reflections
on *Marcus Brutus*, who slew *Julius
Cæsar* in the Senate House, for assuming
the Sovereignty of *Rome*.

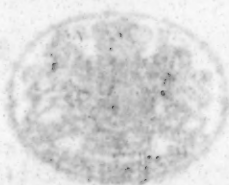
Written in Spanish by *Don Francisco de
Quevedo Villegas*, Author of the Visions of
Hell.

Translated into *English*.

And Publish'd in Defence of *Dr. Henry Sache-
verell*, by Order of a Noble Lord who Voted in his
Behalf.

L O N D O N,
Printed for *J. Baker*, at the *Black Boy* in
Pater-noster-row, 1710.

THE
OMITTED
FROM
REPRESENTATIVE
AND
SPECIAL



OF THE
UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA
IN SENATE
AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
COMMISSIONERS OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
1900

THE CONTROVERSY

ABOUT Resistance *and* Non-Resistance, DISCUSS'D.

Junius Brutus was that Great Man to whose Honour the ancient Romans erected a Brazen Statue in the Capitol, and amidst their Kings, on Account that he with Unparallell'd Bravery deliver'd Rome from the Tyranny of Tarquin, and expell'd him the City, offering up, as an Expiatory Sacrifice to the Rape of Lucretia, the very Name of a King, which ever after remain'd Criminal and Infamous among them. This Man was Progenitor to that Marcus Brutus I am to treat of.

Rome had its first Kings from the Female Sex, and by it was depriv'd of them. *Silvia*, a lewd *Vestal* gave them, and *Lucretia*, a chaste Wife took them away. *Romulus* was the first, and *Tarquin* the last. From this Sex the World has receiv'd great Damages and Advantages, and has no less Cause to be grateful to, than to complain of it. Woman is a necessary Companion; she is to be charily preserv'd, to be lovingly enjoy'd, and to be cautiously handled. Many of them are bad, if well us'd; many more worse, if ill treated. He is truly wise, who improves their Kindness, and trusts them not too far. Their Power is greater over some Kings, than over other Men; because the Power of other Men is inferiour to that of Kings. Men may be Traytors against their Kings, Women make Kings Tray-

tors against themselves, and justify the Treason carry'd on against their Lives. Every Man may testify the Truth of this Assertion.

I have mention'd *Marcus Brutus's* Ancestor before his Parents, because his Name and Action nearer resembled that ancient Progenitor, than the Womb that bore him.

Brutus had a Statue ; but the Statue wanted a *Brutus*, till it became the double Portraiture of *Marcus* and *Junius*. The *Romans*, in placing that Effigies in the *Capitol*, did not so much design it should represent *Junius Brutus*, as that it should instruct *Marcus Brutus*. It were a vain Piece of Idolatry, had it only serv'd as a Memorial of what the Dead Man had done, and not advis'd what the Living ought to do. This was a fortunate Statue, well deserv'd by the one, and as well obey'd by the other.

Marcus Brutus was not without a Statue, he had a brazen one erected to his Honour, at *Milan*. *Augustus Caesar*, passing through that City, and seeing it, said to the Magistrates, *You are disloyal to me, since you honour my Enemy in my Presence*. They, not understanding him, were daunted, and ask'd, *Who was his Enemy*. *Caesar* pointed to the Statue of *Marcus Brutus*. They were out of Countenance, and *Caesar* smiling commend-ed their Nation, because they honour'd their Friends, even under Adversity, and order'd the Statue should not be remov'd, giving a generous Demonstration, that his Life was such, as he should not hate him, if living. This same Statue *C. Albutius Silo* call'd upon as representing the Avenger of the Laws and Liberties.

The *Roman* Wisdom, instructed by Poverty, to reward Verrue and Valour, invented a Coin with the Stamp of Honour, which only subsisted in the Idea ; and thus had an abundant Stock to requite Generous and Magnanimous Persons, without lavishing their Gold and Silver. Metals were not look'd upon as honourable Rewards, being the Bait of Thieves, the Purchase of Adulteries, the Incentive to Cruelties, the Bane of the Laws, and the Corruption of Judges. For this Reason,
thole

those ancient Fathers condemn'd Gold and Silver to be the vile Price of mercenary Souls, and venal Lives. They honour'd a Hero with a few Leaves of Laurel; they distinguish'd a Family by a Bearing in a Shield; they rewarded mighty Victories with the Acclamations of a Triumph; they repaid the Loss of Lives, almost divine, with a Statue, and to the end those Leaves, Bearings, Acclamations and Statues, might not be less valu'd than the greatest Treasures, they granted them not to Favour, but to Merit. They were not the Gift or Purchase of Affection, or Avarice; but the Recompence of Heroick Actions. The Romans were rich, whilst they knew how to be poor; their Honour perish'd with their Poverty. It is a greater Treasure for a Prince to give a Value to Conceit and meer Notion, than to possess Mines; as it is better to have the Wealth of the Indies in himself, than to seek after it. How many boundless Souls were satisfy'd with a Laurel, or an Oaken Branch, who would not have thought themselves rich, or been contented with all the Wealth of Rome; tho' it had exhausted it self. The Senate preserv'd its Reputation, till it admitted the undeserving to the Honour of Crowns, Ensigns and Laurels; and it declin'd, as soon as it began to fill the Purse, and forbore to bestow Garlands on the Head.

There wanted not some who said; That Marcus Brutus did not descend from Junius, affirming he had no other Relation with him, but the Name.

Were this really true, yet who can deny their Consanguinity, as to the Fact? The Denomination of the same common Name has prevail'd on many to perform the same Actions, and shew the like Valour; for there are some Souls so generous, that they will not suffer even the shadow of a Surname to degenerate in them, from that Glory with which it was deriv'd to them from others.

The Romans testify'd their Gratitude, by erecting a Statue to Brutus, and it was a wonderful Foresight in them, to place among the Statues of Kings that of him, who banish'd them the City, and left their Name criminal.

minal. They were resolv'd not to be any ways deficient in the Example or the Punishment. They plac'd him in the midst of the Kings, who was the Cause that the last should be the End of Kings. It was wisely plac'd, it was the proper Post, and at the same time an Instruction. It was not a Geometrical Proportion, but an Effect of Prudence. They plac'd him in the midst of six good Kings, who in the seventh wicked one put a Period to the innocent Succession of the Majesty of the six; to shew that one wicked King is the more dishonour'd by the Worth of six good ones; and that six good Kings do not make Amends for the Tyranny of a bad one.

The Partizans of Julius Cæsar, who sought to Revenge his Death, gave out, That Junius Brutus left no Son, and that Marcus Brutus was descended from a Caterer of the others; but Posidonius the Philosopher says, That Junius Brutus had three Sons, that two of them dy'd, and the third surviv'd; and he affirms that he saw some of the Progeny of Junius Brutus, who resembled the Statue, which shew'd them to be Legitimate.

I think it needless to prove he was of his Family, since by the Likeness it is hard to prove he was not the same. He who by his Vertue deserves to be the Son of another, tho' he is not, is of a better Race than he who is and deserves it not. *Marcus Brutus* was a Man so great, that it is no less Honour to *Junius Brutus* to have been his Predecessor, than to *Marcus* to be descended from him.

His Mother was Servilia, who deriv'd her Pedigree from Servilius Hala, the renown'd Roman that stab'd Spurius Melius with a Dagger he had conceal'd under his Arm, because he stir'd up the People to Sedition and Mutiny, in Order to make himself a Tyrant. Servilia was Sister to Cato Uticensis, whom Marcus Brutus honour'd much more for his Heroick Vertues, than for being his Uncle.

Should we give way to those, who to vilify his Race, make him to descend from *Junius Brutus's* Caterer, we shall still find that, take it which way we will, he descends

scends from a Hand that asserted the Liberty of *Rome*, and that *Marcus Brutus* not only inherited the Vertue of his Noble Ancestors, but added to it; and if he had any base Progenitor, he not only disguis'd his Meanness, but render'd it illustrious. He is the true Offspring of his Family, in whose Actions the brave admire themselves, and in whose Words the wise hear their own. An infamous Nobleman is no bodies Son, for he cannot be his whose he is not, and knows not how to be his to whom he belongs. He who is only Noble on Account of his Ancestors Vertue, may thank God that the dead cannot give the Lye to the living; for when he mentions his Fore-fathers, could they speak, he would have the Lye given him by as many as he challenges for his Progenitors. The dead have more Honour than the living, who would disgrace them, have Pride. If the Caterer was Ancestor to *Marcus Brutus*, the Actions of his Descendent rais'd him above the Family, and he was so fortunate as to have a Successor whose Fore-father he did not deserve to be. Yet it is not in our Choice how we shall be born, and it is no Crime to be the Son of an ill Man, but to follow his Example, and much worse to come from a good Man and not be like him; as it is worse to corrupt that which is precious than what is vile.

He had a natural propension to the Study of Philosophy, in which he labour'd with Success, and gain'd much Applause among the Greeks. He prefer'd the divine Plato's Doctrine before any other, and adher'd to it. He approv'd not of the new and middle Doctrine, but was better pleas'd with the ancient; and, among all the learned Men, ever paid singular Respect to Antiochus Ascalonita. In the Latin Tongue he was well instructed in the Court and Martial Stile. In the Greek he successfully affected the Laconick Brevity. This sententious Brevity appears in his Epistles, where a few Words furnish Matter for Reflection, and yet the Reader does not miss what is wanting, or fail to read what is not written. The Shortness of his Epistles seems to abound, and what would be to spare in another does not seem to be wanting in him. He made
use

use of Words as if they had been Money, spoke all in Gold and nothing in vile Metal. One Word of his stood for an hundred, so refin'd was his Language.

A Man with an aspiring Mind and natural Goodness may be brave and vertuous; but if he wants Learning he will not know how to manage his Valour or Vertue. He is very defective who has both these Qualities, if he knows not how to manage them. Valour ill bestow'd becomes Rashness; and foolish Vertue does Harm in not knowing how to do Good; and sometimes idle Vertue, and Valour disarm'd, are worse than prudent Cowardice and considerate Vice; by how much Evil corrected is better than Good corrupted. There is little Difference betwixt doing Harm with that which is Good, for want of knowing how to do Good, and improving that which is bad even in its ill, because it knows how to do Good and Harm. It looks unlikely that Vertue, which is holy, should become criminal by being ill us'd. Gold is precious, and given in Coin is a Favour, but shot in a Bullet kills and becomes criminal without losing its Value. He who said that Vertue consisted in a Mean, did not intend it of the Geometrical, but of the Arithmetical Mean, which is the Product of a Sufficiency between Excess and Deficiency. So Religion subsists between Heresy which is defective, and Superstition that is superfluous. They are Enemies to Vertue, who add to, or subtract from it; as the Number seven ceases to be the same when it falls to five, or rises to nine. It being visible in *Marcus Brutus* that he was vertuous, and knew how to be so, the Good and the Bad, who in his days liv'd in *Rome*, resorted to him to bring him into Danger. The one sort bore him Company, the others expos'd him. His Life was agreeable to the Multitude, and his Conversation acceptable to the Senators, as was his Stile in writing, which was neither tedious to him, nor any others; contrary to many, who think Eloquence consists in being long before they begin, and never coming to an End.

It was no small Testimony of his sound Judgment, that he was an Enemy to Innovation, as appear'd by his

his approving the ancient receiv'd Doctrine against the Modern Opinions. This was a Prelude to his using the Dagger, in Opposition to *Julius Caesar's* new Project of erecting an Empire. The World perish'd for attempting to change, and Men are ruin'd by endeavouring not to be like themselves. Novelty is of that discontented Nature, that when displeas'd at what it was, it soon grows weary of what it is, and must cease to be so, that it may continue to be new. The Lover of Novelty lives upon successive Deaths and Destructions, and he must either cease to be fond of Novelty, or make it his Business ever to cease being what he was.

In his Youth Marcus Brutus bore his Uncle Cato Company in his Expedition to Cyprus, against Ptolomey, who had murder'd himself before their Arrival. Cato was oblig'd to make some stay at Rhodes, and therefore sent his Friend Canidius to Cyprus, to secure the Treasure ; but then fearing this Man would not give a just Account of what was committed to him, he writ to Brutus to embark with all possible Speed at Pamphilia for Cyprus, that his Moderation might be a Check to the Avarice of Canidius. Brutus obey'd his Uncle, tho' unwillingly, as believing this Commission was not agreeable to his Studies and Inclination, since he went as a Spy upon Canidius's Honesty. He pretended other plausible Reasons to palliate the Dishonour his coming must prove to the other ; and to prevent the Offence, kept a watchful Eye over him, without giving Scandal ; which Cato highly commended, and Canidius never observed. Thus without giving way to verify the Suspicion, he gather'd the Gold and Silver, a vast Quantity whereof was carry'd to Rome.

States are then well govern'd, when such Magistrates are sent into remote Provinces, as rather endeavour to prevent Frauds and Extortions, than to punish those that are guilty of them. Some Princes are greater Losers by the Judges who punish those that defraud them, than they would be by those deceitful Persons themselves. He who prevents his Officers stealing, saves the Officer and his Treasurer ; he who suffers him to steal, loses both the Treasure and the Officer. Those

Crimes are most committed which are oftneft punish'd ; therefore the faving of Punishment is the faving of Crimes. He who steals, for the most part makes his Defence with what he has stolen. Criminals ever were the Delight and Advantage of wicked Judges, who therefore seek after them, only to find, not to mend them. *Cato* would not leave it in the Power of *Candius* to steal, and *Brutus* prevented his doing it. *Rome* was doubly beholding to them, for what was twice her own, once because they gave it her, and again because they suffer'd it not to be imbezell'd.

Monarchies impair the Number of their Kingdoms, when they send Magistrates to govern them, who return home enrich'd with the Triumphs of Peace. I own this is but beginning to fall, but beginning at the Foundation they fall all at once. Scarce any Law will reach to convict him that steals with Consideration. I call that Consideration, when so much is stolen, as serves to appease the Envious, to silence the Accuser, to corrupt the Judge, and to enrich the Criminal, who steals for them all. The Gallows claims him, who steals so little, that there is nothing left to rob him of, when Sentence is given.

When the Peace of the Commonwealth was disturb'd by the Arms of Cæsar and Pompey, Brutus inclin'd to the Julian Faction, on Account that his Father had been murder'd by Pompey ; but then considering, that he was more oblig'd to espouse his Countries than his own Quarrel, and believing Pompey's Motive of arming juster than Cæsar's, he sided with Pompey. Yet before he did not salute him, when they met, looking upon it as a Crime, even to pay a common Civility to his Father's Murderer. However, at this time, he submitted to him, as his Country's General, and the Protector of the publick Liberty. He went Legate under Sestius, then sent to govern Sicily ; but finding no Action there to employ his Valour, proceeded into Macedon, at such time as Cæsar and Pompey were ready to join Battle, to contend for the Empire of the World. Pompey receiv'd him with singular Testimonies of Joy and Esteem, rising from his Seat to embrace him, and treating him

him with greater Affection than all the other famous Commanders that follow'd him.

This Action of *Marcus Brutus* was a President against all those who prefer their private Advantage before the publick Good. *Pompey* was his Enemy, on so powerful a Motive as having murder'd his Father. *Pompey* was then the Father of his Country; *Brutus* follow'd the Universal Kindred and forsook his own, tho' not without paying his Duty to it. He paid not the usual Civility to *Pompey's* Person, but honour'd his Employment, approv'd of his Design, and bore Arms under him. He was as good a Son to his Country as to his Father. He who is absolutely good, performs his Duty in all Points. He was an Enemy to *Pompey's* Person, but not to his Post. Had he sided with *Cesar*, he had been a good Son, but a bad Commonwealths-man. Taking part with *Pompey*, he was a good Commonwealths-man, and doubly a good Son. He who loses his Honour for his Business, loses both his Business and his Honour. Enemies have gain'd very many Victories through the Interest of private Persons. Princes have no greater Enemies than their own Subjects, who envying their General's Success, rather wish Victory to the Enemy than to him. It has been oftner observ'd than it ought to have been, that in Councils of War, the greater Number will vote for the Adverse Party, rather than the Experienc'd Wisdom of one who advises well shall take place. O treacherous Wickedness! That the Ignorant should rather chuse to perish, than follow the Advice of one that saves them. The Monarch who in Council chuses that as best which has most Votes, is a Slave to Multitude, whereas he ought to be so only to Reason. If the Prince knows not as much as many, there are many that impose upon him; for he who judges by what he hears, and not by what he understands, is a Hearer, not a Judge. *Marcus Brutus* follow'd him that slew his Father, and forsook him that went about to destroy his Mother *Rome*. He kill'd the one, and caus'd the other to be slain, as we shall see

hereafter, without offending against the publick Good, or forgetting the private.

He pass'd over into *Sicily*, and finding no generous Employment there, to gain Honour, went away to seek the utmost Danger in *Pompey's* Camp at the Battle of *Pharsalia*. *Marcus Brutus* ask'd no Reward of the Senate for having serv'd in *Cyprus*, and enrich'd *Rome* with *Ptolomey's* Treasure ; but sav'd himself the Trouble of craying, by seeking Danger in the Battle, where there was need of him. The World is devour'd, and impoverish'd, not by Rewards ask'd for Services, but by additional Recompences beg'd, as Merit, upon Gratuities already bestow'd. Wicked Men have found out a scandalous way to grow rich, by demanding something may be given them because they beg'd, and then begging again because something was given them. The Reason of this vile Practice is, because Coverous Men require something of those, who take all for themselves ; therefore the one Part can boldly ask, and the other cannot safely deny. *Marcus Brutus* was sent to all the Places he went to, without any Interest, or Sute made on his side. *Verres* was in *Sicily*, till all *Sicily* was swallow'd up by *Verres*. *Verres* return'd to *Rome*, and *Sicily* was left without *Verres*, but not *Verres* without *Sicily*. *Marcus Brutus* went into *Sicily* ; but *Sicily* enter'd not into *Marcus Brutus* ; he found what he despis'd in its Wealth, and what he sought not in its Peace. He who stay'd, and enrich'd himself, had need of *Sicily*, but *Sicily* stood in need of him, who went away to *Macedon*, to expose himself to Danger.

Marcus Brutus, in the Army, gave all his Time to Study and Reading, except those Hours he was oblig'd to attend *Pompey* ; nor did he only employ his leisure Time in Reading, and Writing ; but spent the whole Night in composing a Compendium of *Polybius*, with his Remarks on it, and continu'd the same Employment, during the Heat of the Day, in the scorching Summer season, whilst the *Pharsalian* Expedition lasted, when the Army was entangled in Bogs and Morasses, and he hungry, and scorch'd, by reason
his

his Servants had not brought his Tent, nor Provisions ; and when, the Battle being to be fought the next Day, all Men were in Dread for the Event, or at least solicitous and anxious how to make the best Defence.

The most Renowned Generals and Commanders in the World have join'd Study and Warfare together, and the Military Art has always gone Hand in Hand with Reading. The Sword of Great Men has not disdain'd the Pen. An Arrow is the best Emblem of this Truth, in which the Feather directs the Iron Point that is to give the Wound. *Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar*, may be two Instances among many. *Alexander* hearing *Homer's Iliads* was encourag'd, and grew bold ; he well knew that without this Defence, the Breast-plate, Helmet and Shield, were a troublesome Weight on the Body, and a visible glittering Confession of the Dread that is in the Mind. The Body that is not arm'd by the Heart, is hid by Armour, but not arm'd. He who is destitute of himself, and arm'd with Steel, is a Man arm'd ; but the Armour is without a Man ; if he lives, it is because he was not found out ; if he dyes, it is because he was encumber'd ; and if he runs not away, it is because he cannot, not that he wants for Cowardice. More of these dye by their own Weapons, than by the Enemies. Death easily knows them in Fight, and justly culls them out from amidst the bold, and daring. *Alexander* was often wounded unarm'd, when many of his Men were kill'd in Armour.

Julius Caesar fought and writ ; this is saying and doing ; he valu'd his Study as he did his Life. He swam with one Hand, and sav'd his Commentaries with the other ; looking on them as no less a Concern than his Life.

Marcus Brutus exactly copy'd them both, since he made Choice of Study for his Armoury, at the great Battle of *Pharsalia*. He was to share the next Day in such a mighty Danger, and when others provided for their Defence, or thought of the threatening Perils, he was commenting, or reading of *Polybius* ; an Honour due to so great and singular an Author, whose History
affords

affords true and living Examples, advantagious Precautions, and sprightly elegant Sentences. He arm'd himself with Knowledge and past Accidents, and by the preterit provided for the Future. The Battle of *Pharsalia* took up no more of his Thoughts, than that he was to be there engag'd for his Countries Liberty. He minded not what might befall him in it, but study'd what he ought to act. It is the Prudence of Cowards to consider those Dangers they are to be engag'd in; and it is sometimes even the Cowardice of brave Men. The General is to consider, and the Soldier to obey. Consideration has produc'd many Overthrows, and Rashness has gain'd no fewer Victories. I neither justify the Rash; nor do I condemn the Considerate; I only decide, who are to act each Part, and shew the Danger of this Vertue, and the Success of that Vice. The Mind thinks on what it may fear, and begins to fear in that it begins to think; and very often it perswades it self to fear, and grows jealous of what can be reason'd against it; because there is no Man but believes himself. It is the great Fault of Fear to make something of nothing, and a great deal of a little. It increaseth Things, without adding to them, and its Arithmetick reckons what there is not. It is the most pernicious false Witness in the World, because tho' it has deceitful Eyes, it sees what it does not look at.

It is reported that Julius Cæsar, on the day the Battle of Pharsalia was fought, understanding that Marcus Brutus was on Pompey's side, took such special Care of his Person, that in the Heat of it, he gave Orders to all his Commanders not to kill, but to spare him, and if he surrendred himself, that he should be brought before him, but that if he stood out they should leave him, without offering any Violence. Cæsar is said to have express'd this extraordinary Kindness for Brutus, for the Affection he still bore his Mother Servilia, with whom he was once passionately in Love; and because Marcus Brutus was born in the Height of this Amour and Intrigue, Julius Cæsar concluded he was his Son.

It was decreed that *Cesar* should dye by the Hand of *Brutus*, and *Cesar* took all possible Care to secure his own Death, and to draw near the Man that was to kill him. This was an extraordinary Blindness in *Cesar* to procure his own Destruction ; but not singular ; he imitated many, and will be follow'd by many more. What is more frequent than to see Men busie about promoting their own Punishment and Ruin ? Unhappy and obstinate desires of Men, which seek the Chastisement through the Infection of Vice ! Did not God's Infinite Goodness oppose our own Pretensions, he would punish us by only granting what we earnestly seek after. How many have lost their Sleep and Peace, and been expos'd to envious Persons and Thieves, by God's granting them the Wealth they beg'd for ? How many have pray'd for Honours and Dignities, who found in them their Disgrace and Overthrow ? What Woman is there that does not offer up her Vows for Beauty, without considering that is the Means to expose her Chastity, and hazard her Reputation ? What Youth does not aspire to be genteel and amiable, and by that means becomes fix for Adultery and Leudness ? If the Man who values himself most on his Prudence, shall at the Request of his Conscience inquire into the Truth throughout the Passages of his Life, and the Recesses of his Mind, it will plainly appear that whatsoever he has machinated and contriv'd himself has been the Ruin of his Soul, and he will find as many Breaches in it, as he imagin'd he erected Structures. It is a Spiritual Crime and a Human Folly, not to know what to desire, and yet to presume to ask. He is in the right, who always is jealous he may be in the wrong. He who in his Applications to Almighty God lays aside his own Wishes, adapts his Request to the Law of God, which he makes his Rule ; and that Law being the Sum of all Heavenly Right, it is not subject to Interpretations, nor does it admit of Frauds. *Julius Cesar* obstructed all Ways to his Safety ; his wishes were blind, he was careful to preserve his own Death, to attract to him his Murderer, and his Resolutions being taken in the dark, he could not discern the Enmity

Enmity of *Marcus Brutus*, in his Friendship with *Pompey*.

If we would discover the Occasion of this Folly in *Julius Caesar*, we shall soon find, it was his Sin. *Caesar* thought *Brutus* was his own Son, and concluded him to be so, because he was born at the time when he most passionately lov'd, and most freely enjoy'd his Mother *Servilia*.

Kindred contracted by Sin and Adultery sheds that Blood it pretends to be nearest to. Women are the Givers and Sources of Life, and the Cauſers and Occaſion of Death. They are to be dealt with as we deal with Fire, ſince they are to us like Fire. It is true they are our Warmth and our Comfort; they are beautiful and bright; the Sight of them rejoices Houſes and Cities; but take heed of them, for they Fire any thing that touches them; they burn thoſe that cleave to them, and conſume the Mind they take poſſeſſion of. They give Light, and caſt out Smoak that makes the Eyes ſhed Tears which gaze on their Luſtre. He who has them not is in the Dark; who has them is in Danger. The Remedy conſiſts not either in too much or too little. A little Water makes Fire burn the Fiercer, a great deal quite puts it out. It is eaſily had, and eaſily loſt. The Compariſon is ſo natural that I need not make it out, for Fire and Woman are ſo abſolutely the ſame, that he changes not the Names who calls Fire Woman, or Woman Fire. The Aſhes of *Julius Caesar* verify this among the Embers of *Servilia*, who with one Spark ſhe ſent along with him, ſo many Years after, left the Fire conceal'd in his Bowels that was to burn him, and the funeral Pile that was to conſume him, diſguiſ'd under fatherly Love.

Pompey being defeated at *Pharfalia*, and his Army routed, he retir'd to the Sea, and whilſt *Cæſar's* Party plunder'd the Camp, *Marcus Brutus* privately made his Escape to a marſhy Ground, difficult of Access by reaſon of the Bogs, and conceal'd by the Thickneſs of the Reeds and Ruſhes. From this Place under the Shelter of the Night he fled to *Lariſſa*, and thence writ to *Cæſar*, who
rejoicing

rejoycing that he had escap'd unhurt, order'd he should come to him. Brutus came, whom he not only pardon'd, but preferr'd him above all his Friends and Commanders. None being able to guess to what Part of the World Pompey fled, Cæsar took Brutus aside and discours'd him concerning Pompeys flight, to discover what he judg'd of it. From him he gather'd he was certainly gone to Egypt, where Cæsar found him according as Brutus had intimated. For this reason, and what has been said above, he had such Power over Cæsar, that he reconciled him to Cassius, and to the King of Africk, tho' he had highly offended Cæsar. I am of Opinion this King was Juba, and not Deiotarus, and making an Oration in his behalf, he protect'd him in a great Part of his Kingdom. It is reported that Cæsar hearing his Speech, said to his Friends, I know not what this Youth aims at, but what he aims at, he does it vehemently.

Juvenal, a Poet, who as far as might be expected from a Heathen, spoke respectfully of Providence, when he relates that Pompey long before he lost this Battel, lay very near the Point of Death of a Fever in Campania, reflecting on the Blindness of Mens Prayers, for offering Vows and Sacrifices to the Gods for his Health, begging Life for him, who if he had dy'd there, would have had a noble Tomb, with the Title of Invincible, utters these Words full of religious Elegancy, bewailing that he liv'd so long.

*Provida Pompeio dederat Campania Febres
Optandas, sed multa Urbes & publica Vota
Vicerunt.*——

Thus English'd by Mr. Dryden.

*Campania Fortunes malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent Fever sent:
But publick Prayers impos'd on Heaven to give
Their much lov'd Leader an unkind Reprieve.*

These Prayers through fond Zeal obtain'd his Health,
to prove the Bane of his Honour. Alas, how much

in the Dark are our Desires! How much Blood we shed, and Toil we undergo is obliterated by our frail Imagination! How few are they who know how to reckon Shortness of Life among God's Blessings! *Pompey's* Life was prolong'd, to gain more Time to make his last Hour miserable. At *Pharsalia* he lost his Army and the Hopes of *Rome's* Liberty, reposing his Safety in Flight. *Marcus Brutus* sav'd himself from the Enemies Sword in a Morass, and hiding his Fear under the Veil of Night, went away to *Larissa*. *Brutus* writ to *Cæsar*, *Cæsar* call'd him to his Camp, cherish'd him, and at his Request with much Joy pardon'd *Cassius*. What is it that does not conspire with the ill Fate of an ambitious Man? *Cæsar's* Victory brought his Murderers to his Side. *Cæsar* knew how to spare, but not to spare himself. Tyrants are so pernicious, that even Virtue proves their Danger. If they go on in violent Courses, they throw themselves away; if they check themselves, they are cast down. Such is the Nature of their Iniquity, that Obstinacy supports, and Amendment ruins them. Their whole Safety depends on this Aphorism, either do not begin to be a Tyrant, or never cease to be so. Because Contempt is more daring than Fear; the former is invigorated by the Change in a cruel Man, who checks himself; and the latter increases by the Positiveness of him who multiplies Cruelties. I own this last will make the worst End, but not so soon. Thus he who persists holds out longest, but gives his Soul for that Advantage.

Cæsar knew not to what Part of the World *Pompey* had withdrawn himself; he took *Brutus* aside, ask'd his Opinion, and he show'd so much Likelihood for his Conjecture, that it prevail'd upon *Cæsar* to follow him to *Egypt*, where he overtook him, and receiv'd *Pompey* the Great's Head from *Ptolomy*, as a Welcome.

Good Men last no longer in the Hands of the Wicked, than till they can flatter others worse than themselves with their Ruin. The good Man who thinks himself safe in the Power of a wicked One, may be good,

good, but not wise. He keeps him for a Sacrifice under the Name of an Example. Wicked Princes and Ministers seek the most refin'd Virtue, that they may have the Opportunity of making it fall an Offering to those they stand in need of. This tho' an ancient Practice seems to start up as new every Age; or rather every Day. It is no less Virtue than Danger to be good among the wicked; for the greatest Merit among evil Men is to be worse than they; and he who knows how to be so, and designs to thrive, in Order to secure himself as the only evil Person, endeavours to prove that the other wicked Men are good, because they are no sooner thought virtuous, but they begin to be suspected. *Ptolomy* was indebted to *Pompey* for his Kingdom, which he had given to his Father, and when he came in Distress to claim the Gratitude that was due, he brought with him the Memory of the Benefits bestow'd on him to serve the Tyrants turn, that he breaking through them all, might make his Treachery the more valuable in the Eyes of his Enemy, whose Favour he purchas'd at the Price of *Pompey's* Head. *Cesar* was worse than *Ptolomy*, since he did not by his Death punish the infamous Confidence he repos'd in his ill Nature, in conceiving that so shameful and abominable an Action could be grateful to him. This was a prodigious Accident, since it prov'd that a wicked Man might become good, by following the Example of an evil Person; since it cannot be deny'd but that *Cesar* had been just in taking away *Ptolomy's* Kingdom and his Head, for his Beheading of *Pompey*. However, tho' *Cesar* had not Virtue and Worth enough to go so far, yet he was asham'd to show he rejoyc'd at the Death of so brave an Enemy. He oblig'd his Eyes to weep, when they would have laugh'd, disguising his Joy, and concealing his Fear with forc'd Tears and an Hypocritical Sorrow. It is lawful to fear an Enemy, in order not to contemn him, but to fear him only through Dread is so scandalous, that even the weakness of Women has Honour enough to withstand it. A brave Man fears his Adversary, a Coward dreads his own Fear; hence

hence it is that he thinks himself secure in nothing but the Death of that which makes his Life uneasy, because he whose Defence consists in the ill Success of his Adversary, finds an Enemy every where.

Plutarch in the Life of *Phocion*, a great Philosopher and invincible General, says, That *Athens* having been ruin'd by the Arms of *Philip* King of *Macedon*, the News of his Death was brought to the City; and the viler Sort advising to offer Sacrifices to the God's, and make publick Sports and Rejoycings for the Death of so great an Enemy, *Phocion* strenuously oppos'd it, saying, It was a Sign of mean Spiritedness, and a shameful Confession of the Commonwealths vile Fear, to make publick Rejoycings for the Death of an Enemy; and reprov'd *Demosthenes*, repeating some Verses out of *Homer*, because he had spoken ill of *Alexander*, King *Philip's* Son. Thus, tho' 'tis good Fortune to have an Enemy dye, as we cannot but rejoice, it is decent to conceal it, because great Actions only proceed from a Heart full of Assurance, and Reason that suggests Mistrust. The Affront put upon the Wife of *Frederick Barbarossa* at *Milan*, provok'd him not to leave one Stone upon another in that City, and with the Blood of all to chastize the Wickedness of some, who shamefully rejoyc'd in the Contempt of their absent Enemy.

Marcus Brutus's Honour and Virtue seems to be sully'd by his giving *Cesar* certain Advice, which way he might overtake *Pompey*, whose Soldier he had been the Day before, to whom he voluntarily submitted himself to defend the Liberty of his Country, obeying him as his General. This Action looks Treacherous and Base; but the Deeds of a virtuous, learned and brave Man are not to be judg'd with Precipitation. *Marcus Brutus* was singularly adorn'd with these Qualities. This Consideration prevented my deciding rashly according to the scandalous Appearance of Treachery, which seem'd to charge him with discovering his General's Secrets. How solidly does he act, who is solidly good. When he acted misteriously, he appear'd criminal in the Sight of those who dislike other
Mens

Mens Proceedings. Eyes that are darkned with Clouds of Dimness, lay the Fault upon the fair Chrystal they behold, alledging it is not clear, and call that a Defect in the Object which is in the Faculty. What they can not see well, they say they perceive faulty, and call that a Blot in another, which is their own Blindness.

Whilst *Pompey* was a private Person in *Rome*, *Marcus Brutus* did not salute, or respect him, because he had caus'd his Father to be put to Death. When *Pompey* took upon him the Command of the *Roman Army*, to defend the publick Liberty, he laid aside his private Enmity to assist the Publick, and list'd himself under *Pompey*. He fought under him at *Pharsalia*, because he defended his Country. *Pompey* lost the Battel and fled. As soon as *Marcus Brutus* perceiv'd that *Pompey* flying, only defended himself, he call'd to Mind his Father's Death, and resolv'd to revenge it on *Pompey*, who was the Cause of it. Thus he commendably knew how to stand by and assist his Mother *Rome*, and to revenge his Father's Death, without a Crime. He deliver'd him up to *Cesar*, who he knew would not think himself safe till he were Dead. Not that the Valour of *Julius Cesar* fear'd the Person and Arms of *Pompey*, but the Pretence and Reason of his taking Arms. The Evangelical Law had not then enjoyn'd the loving of Enemies, a most holy Precept, ever safe, and in Humanity easy; only difficult to be perswaded to the brutal Passion of Anger; we are now commanded so to do, and most of us through our Wickedness, proceed just contrary. We hear the Cries that stir us up to love our Enemies, they ought to be obey'd in loving those of the Body, but we obey them in cherishing those of the Soul. What else is lov'd in Wicked Men, who are numerous; but the World? VVhat else does Affection employ it self on, but the Flesh and the Devil? VVe excuse ourselves; who are taught by Truth it self, and we accuse the misguided Gentiles, who observing a due Decorum in Moral and Political Virtues, took Revenge of VVrongs that in their Religion were unpardonable,

donable, and in that Religion, self-Murder was an Heroick Action, and rewarded with Altars and Statues.

There is no relying on Victories. Had not *Cæsar* gain'd this Battel, he had not drawn the Daggers of *Brutus* and *Cassius* so near to him, as to be stuck in his Heart. Less Confidence is to be repos'd in Auxiliaries, and Allies. Had not *Pompey* been assisted by *Brutus*, which he so highly valu'd, he had not attracted a Spy upon his Retreat to cause his Death. It is an Exploit of Providence to overthrow Conquerors with their Victories; for it is worse not to know how to overcome, than to be vanquish'd. God needs not link his Justice to the Calamity of the Criminal in order to punish him. He gives Riches in order to impoverish, Victories to subdue, and Honours to debase. On the other Hand, he honours with Contempt, gives Victory by Losses, and enriches with Poverty. Much of this has undeniably been verifi'd in *Brutus*, *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, and the rest will be made out in the Life of the one, and the Deaths of the other two.

Cæsar going over into Africk, against *Cato* and *Scipio*, left *Brutus* in the Cisalpine Gaule to the great Happiness of that Country; for the other Provinces, being, through the Avarice and Luxury of Governours, worse treated under the insolence of Peace, than they might have been by the fury of War, this only Province enjoy'd Plenty and Ease through the Virtue, Religion and Temperance of *Marcus Brutus*, who restor'd it after the Extortions of his Predecessors. By this mild Government *Marcus Brutus* gain'd for him the Affections of all those that had before hated *Cæsar*, who returning into Italy, and passing through the Cities that had been under the Government of *Brutus*, receiv'd in joyful Acclamations the Thanks of all Men for such a Minister, which acknowledging *Brutus* made up his Applause.

A good Governour, who succeeds a bad one in a City or Province is good and fortunate; because being himself good, he is Successor to another who makes him seem better. He who governs a City well which
another

another govern'd ill, both Governs and restores it. He is commendable for his Resolution in not imitating his Predecessor, for putting a Stop to the ill Consequences arising from that Scandal, and for setting an honourable Example. The Virtue and Disinterestedness of *Marcus Brutus* was the only thing that mov'd the People to love *Cæsar*, as a Prince, whom before they hated as a Tyrant. Kings justly deserve the Commendations of their good Ministers, since they justly sustain the Complaints of bad Ones. For this Reason they ought to consider, when they make choice of Governours, that they choose themselves in several Persons. The Sun is a Noble and worthy President for Princes, he daily teaches them their Duty in bright Instructions, and lays it plain before them, written with Stars instead of Letters. The Majesty of the Sun is above all things that compose the Republick of bright Nature. Astrology, a Science which has pry'd into his Actions and observ'd his Motions, demonstrates that he submits to the contrary violent Rapture of the Spheres, without hindring his own Course. He who gives Life and Light to all things, does not disdain to obey, and yet governs himself so as not to submit entirely or proudly to resist. Since then no Man is so great as the Sun, nor has Charge of so many things, all ought to follow his Example. They must go, as he does where it is convenient; but must not always go the VVay they began nor whither they please. However, this Compliance, and this VVill is not to be seen, but in the Unity of their Government. Nothing appears in the Sun but what is Royal. He is vigilant, lofty, indefatigable, careful, exact, bountiful, disinterested and singular. He is a Prince well lov'd by Nature, because he is ever enriching and renewing it with the Elements, which are his Vassals; if he draws away any thing, it is in order to restore it in better Condition and with Interest. He exhales Miſts and Vapors, and restores them in Rains, which fertilize the Earth. He receives what is given him, to give more and better than he receives it. He allows no body to share in his Duty. In

Phaeton's

Phaeton's Fable he show'd it was not lawful even in his own Son, since he was cast down headlong and consum'd to Ashes. *Phaeton* was a Fable, but whoever does like him, will be the Truth of it. A thing so unworthy, that it could not be real in the Sun, but may be so in Men. The Fable feigns it in a dreadful Manner, that it may never come to pass. They also feign'd that the Sun fell in Love with *Daphne*, who was converted into a Bay-Tree, to show that the Love of Kings must be such as is to be plac'd where there are Lawrels rather than Affection; they must reward Virtue that flies from them. The Secret of the Sun's Government is inscrutable. He does all, all Men see he does all, they see it is done, and none sees the doing of it. His Eclipses are not void of Political Instruction. By them it appears how pernicious it is for a Minister to erect himself equal to his Master, and how much he deprives all Men of, who stands before him. These are Lessons disguis'd like Meteors. The Sun is free and communicable in the highest Degree; he disdains no Place. The great God commanded him to rise on the Evil and on the Good. He produces different Effects with the same Heat; because as a supreme Governour, he adapts himself to the Dispositions he meets with. When he melts Wax, he hardens Clay. He is as busy in producing the Nettle as the Rose, nor does he change the Fruits at the Request of the Plants; and tho' he seems to be tractable to Excess, yet is he infinitely severe. He gives Light to the Eyes to see all things, and with the same Light hinders the seeing of his Eyes; he will be enjoy'd by his Subjects, but not observ'd. Herein consists all the Dignity of Princes. But that Kings may perceive how dreadful and certain a Danger it is to raise mean and base Persons to a great Height, let them observe it in the Sun, who is only darkned and shrouded, when he draws up into the Air the base and vile Vapours of the Earth, which, when rais'd so high, congeal into Clouds and disfigure him. But the chief thing wherein Monarchs ought to imitate the Sun, is in the Ministers he has, on whom he relies.

No

No Minister shines or appears in the presence of the Sun, not that he destroys them, which were Cruelty, or Lightness, but because they vanish through the Excess of his Light, which shows his Sovereignty. He takes not away the Light he has given them, when he hides them, but exceeds it. They only increase by what he gives them, therefore Ministers often decrease, and the Sun never does. When Ministers increase by what they take from their Sovereign and his Subjects, the Decrease will appear in that Sovereign, and not in the Ministers. The Sun's Monarchy is perpetual, because since he was first created in the VWorld he could never be charg'd with Innovation in his Practice. It is true it may be call'd a Novelty to stand still for *Joshua*, to turn back for *Hezekiah*, and to be eclips'd at the Death of CHRIST. Miraculous Innovations may be allow'd in Kings; to stand still that the Commander who fights may conquer; to turn back to correct and cherish the afflicted; and to grow dark for Grief of the greatest VVickedness, are Innovations and Practices worthy to be imitated, as those which are not of this Sort are worthy of Hatred.

Julius Caesar learnt this last Part concerning Ministers, of the Sun, when he made Choice of *Marcus Brutus* to govern the *Cisalpine Gaule*; for, contrary to the rapacious Practice of his Predecessors, he only receiv'd the Honour for his Prince; and when *Caesar* return'd to *Italy* where he govern'd, he was darken'd in his Presence by his Light, not by Rapine, leaving him all the Love and Acclamations.

Marcus Brutus was Brother in Law to *Cassius*, who had Married his Sister *Junia*. *Cassius* was oblig'd to *Brutus* for being receiv'd into *Cæsar's* Favour, yet notwithstanding this Kindred and great Friendship, they fell at Variance about the Pretorship of Rome, which was the greatest. There wanted not some, who said that *Cæsar* himself, had underhand artfully sow'd this Discord among them, by putting them both in Hopes of obtaining it.

Phaeton's Fable he show'd it was not lawful even in his own Son, since he was cast down headlong and consum'd to Ashes. *Phaeton* was a Fable, but whoever does like him, will be the Truth of it. A thing so unworthy, that it could not be real in the Sun, but may be so in Men. The Fable feigns it in a dreadful Manner, that it may never come to pass. They also feign'd that the Sun fell in Love with *Daphne*, who was converted into a Bay-Tree, to show that the Love of Kings must be such as is to be plac'd where there are Lawrels rather than Affection; they must reward Virtue that flies from them. The Secret of the Sun's Government is inscrutable. He does all, all Men see he does all, they see it is done, and none sees the doing of it. His Eclipses are not void of Political Instruction. By them it appears how pernicious it is for a Minister to erect himself equal to his Master, and how much he deprives all Men of, who stands before him. These are Lessons disguis'd like Meteors. The Sun is free and communicable in the highest Degree; he disdains no Place. The great God commanded him to rise on the Evil and on the Good. He produces different Effects with the same Heat; because as a supreme Governour, he adapts himself to the Dispositions he meets with. When he melts Wax, he hardens Clay. He is as busy in producing the Nettle as the Rose, nor does he change the Fruits at the Request of the Plants; and tho' he seems to be tractable to Excess, yet is he infinitely severe. He gives Light to the Eyes to see all things, and with the same Light hinders the seeing of his Eyes; he will be enjoy'd by his Subjects, but not observ'd. Herein consists all the Dignity of Princes. But that Kings may perceive how dreadful and certain a Danger it is to raise mean and base Persons to a great Height, let them observe it in the Sun, who is only darkned and shrouded, when he draws up into the Air the base and vile Vapours of the Earth, which, when rais'd so high, congeal into Clouds and disfigure him. But the chief thing wherein Monarchs ought to imitate the Sun, is in the Ministers he has, on whom he relies.

No

No Minister shines or appears in the presence of the Sun, not that he destroys them, which were Cruelty, or Lightness, but because they vanish through the Excess of his Light, which shows his Sovereignty. He takes not away the Light he has given them, when he hides them, but exceeds it. They only increase by what he gives them, therefore Ministers often decrease, and the Sun never does. When Ministers increase by what they take from their Sovereign and his Subjects, the Decrease will appear in that Sovereign, and not in the Ministers. The Sun's Monarchy is perpetual, because since he was first created in the VWorld he could never be charg'd with Innovation in his Practice. It is true it may be call'd a Novelty to stand still for *Joshua*, to turn back for *Hezekiah*, and to be eclips'd at the Death of CHRIST. Miraculous Innovations may be allow'd in Kings; to stand still that the Commander who fights may conquer; to turn back to correct and cherish the afflicted; and to grow dark for Grief of the greatest VVickedness, are Innovations and Practices worthy to be imitated, as those which are not of this Sort are worthy of Hatred.

Julius Caesar learnt this last Part concerning Ministers, of the Sun, when he made Choice of *Marcus Brutus* to govern the *Cisalpine Gaule*; for, contrary to the rapacious Practice of his Predecessors, he only receiv'd the Honour for his Prince; and when *Caesar* return'd to *Italy* where he govern'd, he was darken'd in his Presence by his Light, not by Rapine, leaving him all the Love and Acclamations.

Marcus Brutus was Brother in Law to *Cassius*, who had Married his Sister *Junia*. *Cassius* was oblig'd to *Brutus* for being receiv'd into *Caesar's* Favour, yet notwithstanding this Kindred and great Friendship, they fell at Variance about the Pretorship of Rome, which was the greatest. There wanted not some, who said that *Caesar* himself, had underhand artfully sow'd this Discord among them, by putting them both in Hopes of obtaining it.

Marcus Brutus set his Nobility and Virtue in Competition against the glorious Exploits of Cassius among the Parthians. On this Account they were both at Daggers draw. Cæsar was inform'd of it, and decided the Case, saying, Cassius has the better Claim, but the best is to be given to Brutus. He did so, and bestow'd on Cassius another Pretorship, who was not so thankful for that he receiv'd, as he was disgusted for what had been deny'd him. It was not in this Point alone that Brutus had the Ascendant over Cæsar's Inclination, but might have been the same in all other Cases, and have commanded the Empire. His Familiarity with Cassius debauch'd him from the Love he ow'd to Cæsar, for tho' he was not well reconcil'd to Cassius, yet he heard the Advice of his Friends, who prompted him on, bidding him, not suffer himself to be led away by the Tyrants Kindness, or debas'd and corrupted by his Favours; that he ought rather to withdraw himself by Degrees from his Familiarity and Society, because, it was certain he honour'd him, not to reward his Virtues, but to dissipate and debase them. And in Reality, Cæsar thought himself not altogether secure of Marcus Brutus, for tho' he perswaded himself that he would be grateful on Account of his good natural Inclination, yet was he jealous of the Greatness of his Spirit, the Effects of his Learning, his personal Valour, and the powerful Number of his Friends.

Very often Kindred Occasions that which it ought to obstruct; it will be proper to explain it. Being Brothers, Fathers, Sons, Cousins and Kinsmen oftner serves for an Excuse to cease being so, than for a Reason to continue it. Let every Man give Ear to his own Kindred, and it will explain me. I do affirm that Blood and Affinity is a Pretence, and not real Kindred. The Favourites of Princes ought to keep nothing so remote from them, as those who nearest belong to them, and this for two Reasons. First, because the Prince confides in such Persons, as being so strictly ally'd and oblig'd to his Favourite, and believing that was his Design in preferring them to him, he advances them

them without any Fear of making him jealous; and thus he uses himself to others, and divides himself, which prove great Obstacles towards retaining human Affections once gain'd, and so when he begins to suspect, he finds he must stand upon his Guard. The second Reason if not more forcible, is however no less dangerous, for the Kindred of the Man in Power, to avoid answering the Obligation he lays on them, say he only does his Duty, saving themselves their Thanks and call Ingratitude a Courtesy; they perswade themselves they have deserv'd all, aspire boldly, and presume to give Cause of Jealousy, only because they ought not to be look'd upon as suspicious Persons. In short, they are like Diseases in the Blood, not to be cur'd but by letting out. This is a Truth of such a Nature, that the bare Naming of it is naming of Examples. So it fell out to *Marcus Brutus* with his Brother in Law *Cassius*, for by restoring him to *Caesar's* Favour, he rais'd himself a Competitor. It is God's Prerogative to do good to others, without hurting himself; I do not say this to perswade a Difficulty in doing good, but to advise Caution. The Holy Ghost advises it in *Ecclesiasticus*, *When thou wilt do good, know to whom thou doest it; so shalt thou be thanked for thy Benefits.* Nor do I say, we are not to do Good to all Men, Good and Evil; to Friends and to Enemies; to the Good, because they deserve it; to the wicked, that they may deserve it; to Friends, because they are so; to Enemies, that they may be so. Herein lyes a profound Mystery of Charity, and a discreet Political Avarice. I said, that tho' it was a Duty to do Good to all, we ought to observe to whom we do it. To do good is to raise to Honour, and there are some who only wait till they are advanc'd to it, that they may become base; and as it cannot be deny'd, but that he who gave the Honour, did Good; so neither can it be deny'd, but that he did Harm to him on whom he bestow'd, if by it he became bad. Therefore it is we are to take Heed to whom we do Good, because some by receiving Good grow Evil. This

has been seen in all Ages, and we often see some grow good by the Harm they receive. Had *Julius Caesar* consider'd to whom he did Good in *Brutus* and *Cassius*, he had not given them the Opportunity of being the Murderers of him that did them the good Turn. And had *Marcus Brutus* reflected for whom he interceded, when he prevail'd on *Caesar* to pardon his Brother-in-Law *Cassius*, he had not done him the Harm of being the Cause of his Ingratitude. Thus the whole and sole Care lyes on him that does Good; because that of doing Harm is divided between him that does, and him that receives it. I exclude all Presumption, and show the Danger of indiscreet Bounty. We see that God as soon as he had created Man, and made him good and well, and given him Goods, was ill requited, and if God and Man was thus requited, all Persons have Reason to fear, not so as to forbear doing Good, but to learn so to do it, as that the Good they do, may not do Harm to the Wicked; for it is a more difficult Task to avoid destroying Good in a wicked Man, than to make an ill Man worse with a good Turn.

It is plain that *Caesar* already fear'd each of them apart, but much more the Friendship and Kindred that was between them; since giving each of them Hopes in private, to sue for the Pretorship of the City, he divided them by ambitious Enmity. It had been easier not to bring them together at first, than afterwards to part them; the first he might have compass'd, the second was not in his Power. His Case is desperate in whom the Remedy is as dangerous as the Disease. *Caesar* stood in Need of the Authority of these two Men; he found himself in Danger among them; he was willing to have them both his Friends, and it was convenient for him, that they should be Enemies among themselves. He contriv'd it with Art, but not with Success; and that he might secure them to himself and set the one against the other, he reconcil'd and set them at Variance with the same Favours; for confessing that *Cassius* had a better Claim to the Pretorship of the City

City and bestowing it on *Brutus*, he left him discontented in the Pretorship he gave him, by denying the Justice of his Claim; and *Cassius* dissatisfy'd for conferring on him another Pretorship than that of the City, to which he own'd he had a right. Princes no Way satisfy Men, because all think themselves equally deserving. It is impossible for Kings to forbear bestowing Employments, or to satisfy and content those who receive them. If they rightly consider it, they are more Passive than Active.

Brutus and *Cassius* understood *Cæsar's* Design, and if they were not altogether reconcil'd by the Interposition of Friends, at least they confederated against him and united their private Complaints against the Prince. This was the first Disposition towards the Conspiracy against his Life, and occasion'd the first jealous Discourse concerning the Tyrants Favours.

Cæsar was now inform'd that *Mark Antony* and *Dolabella* were contriving some Innovation and Disturbance. Having read this Information, he with Constancy of Mind and a prophetick Spirit, said, I do not fear fat Men with great Heads of Hair, but such as are lean and wan. Signifying *Cassius* and *Marcus Brutus*; and some who were ready to accuse others, laying hold of this Opportunity, bid him not trust *Marcus Brutus*; to whom *Cæsar* touching his own Breast gently with his Hand, reply'd, Why do you imagine that *Brutus* will think much to wait for this little Body? To signify that no body had so much Power over him as *Brutus*, and that he would appoint him his Successor; which had accordingly hapned, would he have staid.

There is little to fear in that Man, who engages his Soul in the Service of his Looks, and in filling the outward Skin of his Body with more of the Brute. The Understanding that is employ'd in curling of the Hair, can give little Disturbance to another Head, and in curling its own ever finds more Locks than Sense. A fat Man has too much of Man, and too much in Weight and Measure, but not in Valour; because, he that is
too

too big in his Person, carries a Burden on his Life, and an Encumbrance on his Mind, and as his Actions sloathfully obey the Bulk of his Body, so his Senses cannot readily answer the Dictates of his Reason. They place all their Satisfaction in their Sustenance, are govern'd by Conveniency, and all their Care consists in pleasing other Eyes with their Gaity, and their own Stomach with Dainties. They are content with wishing Harm, because this they may do in Bed and at Table. They do it not, to avoid doing something. On the contrary lean and wan Men, as fat Men employ their Understanding to feed their Bellies, so these make their Stomachs feed their Understanding. For this Reason their Complexion is forsaken by their Blood. Their Face is pale and their Heart red. What will he not do to his Enemy, who thinks so profoundly and without ceasing that he consumes himself? Thinking and saying nothing are the Supports of great Actions and Revenges. *Cesar* knew the Philosopher had suspected him for being Lean and ill dress'd, when he said, *Take heed of the Youth whose Cloaths hang loose.* And having verity'd this Suspicion of himself, he was jealous of *Brutus* and *Cassius*, but not of *Mark Antony* and *Dolabella*, Men grown bulky with Inordinate feeding, and wholly employ'd in rendring the rough Parts of Man effeminate; such Men are only to be look'd upon as Competitors by Strumpets. Such Men as these about Princes, have occasion'd the Slaughters and Desolations lean and ill dress'd Men have made, by continually filling up the leasure Time of Princes with Inventions, pestering their Ears with Lyes, slaundering loyal Men with Falshood, and detracting from the Labours of War with the Wiles of Peace.

It did not so much avail *Cesar* to despise these, as not to despise the others, whom he could say he fear'd and yet knew not how to fear them. Those who waited about him to destroy the good Fortune of *Brutus*, heightned his jealousy, advising, to take Heed of him; and *Cesar* secures himself against the Intention
of

of another, which he fears, and is accus'd before him, by his own of making *Brutus* his Heir, which only he knew. *Cæsar* was here very ignorant, but he is excusable, for he believ'd himself that *Brutus* was his Son. Touching his own Breast he affirm'd, that he would expect the Death of his Body, whereas Ambition is more impatient than even Revenge itself. The Son loves his Father as long as he does not know, that when his Father dyes he is to inherit his Estate; for as soon as he knows it, he forgets the being he gave him, for the Inheritance he now forbears to give him. Ambition is rather provok'd by Promises than satisfy'd. The Life which delays the Wealth of a poor Man, who expects, is more hated than the Poverty he endures that waits. He who has what he is to leave to another, justifies, or at least occasions his desiring he may leave it him, and seeking to hasten his parting with it. Thus whereas *Cæsar* ought to have been more afraid of *Brutus* on Account of his being his Heir, than for his being lean and wan, he pleaded the greater Danger to secure himself against the least.

Cassius, a fierce and desperate Man, hated Cæsar more in private than he did in publick, and therefore stirr'd up Brutus against him. It was reported that Brutus hated the Kingdom and Cassius the King, as being offended that when he was Edilis Curulis, Cæsar took from him some Lions he had got together. Cæsar found these Lions at Megara, when Calenus took it, and he kept them; and afterwards these very wild Beasts made bloody Havock among the People of Megara, moving their very Enemies to Compassion. This, tho' not with sufficient Reason, is affirm'd to have been the principal Occasion of Cassius's Conspiracy against Cæsar. But the Cause was not forreign; nor any other but Liberty, Cassius having been ever from his Infancy impatient of Empire and Servitude, and of a warlike bold Temper against all that look'd like a Superior; and too haughty to bear an Equal. He bore such hatred to Tyrants, that going to certain Sports in his Infancy
with

with Faustus the Son of Sylla, and hearing him highly extol his Father's Power, Cassius gave him a Cuf on the Ear, and Sylla's Friends, who had Charge of Faustus, going about to defend and revenge him, Pompey hinder'd them, who bringing the two Boys together, and asking them the Occasion of the Quarrel, Cassius beside himself with anger, is said to have answer'd, now Faustus do you dare to speak the Words I was angry at, before this Man, and I will cuf the Teeth out of the Mouth that repeats them.

Those who made the Lions of *Megara* the Cause of *Cassius's* conspiring against *Cesar*, never consider'd that he had in his own Breast the Lions of Pride and inordinate Passion, and such a natural Fierceness that he needed not to be provok'd by any wild Beasts. It is certain Men of such furious Tempers and ungovernable Dispositions, may be often of use in the Commonwealth, but they seldom know how to be so. He is more serviceable to the King who adds to his Care, than he who eases him of it; for the Kingdom is a Care, and he takes his Kingdom, who takes away his Care. Laws threatned by Majesty, make Use of this Sort of Men, as the Boundaries of the supreme Power. These do not lessen Crowns, but make them fit; they take them not away, but fix them. He who bears them gains Reputation; he who persecutes, puts them in Credit. God who provides for the Diseases of Kingdoms, produces them as Medicines; for the Subject who hates that in the Prince, which renders him odious, does not hate the Prince, but that which hates him; he who justifies the Irregularities he commits, is bold enough to say he gives him what he takes away. It behoves Monarchs to take heed, that they do not admit of that under the Name of a Supply, which is an Extortion that empoverishes, or of that which lessens their Power under the false Colour of enhancing it. A Bar of Gold ham-
mer'd out spreads, but as it dilates in Breadth, it loses in Thickness; and of a solid Bar, which could not be broken becomes a Leaf, which is carry'd away with every Breath of Wind. So wicked Men extend the
Power

Power of Princes, till it becomes so light that it flies away with their own Breath.

The Effect of the Ostracism was the banishing of Virtue, where it excell'd above the rest. That Banishment, was the highest Honour; it was produc'd by Excess of Merit; they were not afraid of Goodness, but of the Multitude of Followers it deserv'd. Rome could not bear the mighty Exploits and exemplar Life of *Scipio*. He perceiv'd it, and religiously said, I had rather *Scipio* should want Rome in Banishment, than that Rome should want banish'd *Scipio*. A strange Remedy, to cast away Health in order to be sound. Liberty is perpetuated in the Equality of all Men, and is disturb'd when one grows above the rest. This was the Cause why *Cassius* abhor'd Superiority even in the Relation of another Boy, and when a Man could not bear it in *Cæsar's* Fortune and Arms. His Disposition infected *Marcus Brutus*.

The frequent Discourses among Friends, the common Whispers among the Citizens, and the written Papers that were handed about stirr'd up Marcus Brutus to join in the Conspiracy, because most Days there appear'd in the Morning an Inscription on the Statue of his Progenitor Junius Brutus to this Effect, O that you were now living Brutus! O Brutus that you would now come to life again! And in Brutus's own Judgment Seat there were Papers found Daily, with these Words. Are you asleep Brutus? You are no true Brutus. All this Mischief was artfully done to Cæsar by his Flatterers, who sometimes paid him Honours, which rais'd Envy in others, and otherwhiles by Night crown'd his Statues, by these means to incite the People to declare him, not Dictator, but King, which was then the odious Name.

Marcus Brutus was a severe Man, and one that reprov'd the Vices of others by his own Virtue, and not with Words. He had an eloquent Silence, and his Discourse was moving. He refus'd not Conversation, to avoid being disagreeable; nor did he seek it, for Fear of being thought an Intruder. There was more

Honesty in his Countenance than Beauty. His Laughter was dumb, and without Noise; it appear'd to the Eyes, was not heard by the Ears. He was only so far cheartful, as defended him from being thought affectedly Melancholy. As to his Person, he was of a robust Constitution, and hardy enough to bear the Fatigues of War. His Inclination led him to perpetual Study; his Understanding was sound, and his Will ever fond of what was lawful and obedient to what was best. Thus all turbulent Impressions were forreign in his Mind, and brought in by *Cassius* and his Friends, who giving the Name of Zeal to their Revenge, perswaded him it was decent, and represented it as Loyalty. However, it cannot be deny'd, but that he ever abhorr'd the Ambition he saw in *Cesar*, and his Motive of taking Arms, since laying aside his own Wrong in the Death of his Father occasion'd by *Pompey*, he follow'd his Party, and ruin'd himself at *Pharsalia*, fighting with him and under his Command for the Liberty of *Rome*. *Brutus* show'd himself discontented with deliberate Prudence, as knowing how great the Hazard is in undertaking those things which succeed, if the Multitude backs them; for it is dangerous to be concern'd even in those they already espouse; because the Mob forsakes as easily as it follows; and confounds instead of seconding. They are a Burden rather than Security. So heavy a Weight that it sinks him that takes it up; and on the contrary, nothing can be laid on it that is not extremely light but it will sink. It swells like a Sea with a Blast, and only drowns those who trust to it. The seditious Persons, who would rebel against *Cesar*, endeavour'd to decipher the Silence of *Brutus*, and tho' they believ'd his Wishes were on their Side, yet not daring to ask, they endeavour'd to sift them out by Papers on the Statue of his Ancestor, and on his Tribunal Seat. Some Princes look upon it as a discreet Practice to take no Notice of Lampoons and Pasquins set up at the Corners of Streets and on Pillars, and full of Slander; alledging, that the best way to silence them, is to say nothing

thing of them, and that it is better to let them drop off than take them away. This mild Policy seems not to understand the End of those Libels in railing at the Corners of Streets and Gates of publick Palaces: It is not their Design to dishonour him they slander, there is a more hidden Venome lyes couch'd in their Malice. They are set up to discover, by the Reception they meet with, what Opinion Men have of those Persons they mention. They are set up to find out who those are that hate the Persons they have a Prejudice to. They do it not to vent their Spleen, but to see what Strength and Numbers they have to vent it with. I call these Papers, I know not whether properly, the Multitudes Weathercocks, that show which way their Hatred and Revenge point, and what they Meditate, and this he who sets them up understands by what he hears them say, who see them set up. It plainly appears how hellish a Contrivance this is, in that tho' *Brutus* was so reserv'd, and kept himself so much to himself, yet all his Heart was laid open, and his Thoughts reveal'd by these few Words. *O that you were Brutus! O that you now liv'd Brutus! Brutus you are not truly Brutus.* Each of these, tho' too short for a Line, were yet long enough to bring about a Conspiracy. Give me leave to make this Guess, for I do Princes that Service in it as to lead them to the Discovery of this Mine.

Tho' this was a powerful Way of attacking *Cesar's* Life, yet had it not been sufficient to prevail without making Use of *Cesar's* Flatterers. If I can rightly make this out and find Credit, Kings and Princes will be justly indebted to me for the Means of their Preservation. Their Danger and mine is, that those who cannot oppose my saying it, will obstruct their believing it. O ye Monarchs! Rid your Ears of those who bite, and do not speak to them, and only let you go, that they may have Time to tear and devour the good Advice that approaches you. Give Ear to this Period in *Cesar's* Life, which brought him to his Death, and be attentive to it for your own Preservation.

tion. You will see I have good Reason to exclaim, and that my Exclamations fall short. All the Arts of Treason, and all the Contrivances of Wickedness could find no other Way to render *Cæsar* odious, than by enhancing his sovereign Power, his Honour, and his Prerogative, and raising his Titles above what is human. They crown'd the Head of his Statue, in Order to bring his own Head to the Block. The Crown on his Effigies was a Charge against his Person. They writ these Words on his Picture, *Cæsar King*, that the Multitude reading them, might declare him a Tyrant, not a Dictator. None but Sorcerers in Ambition could have contriv'd a Crown to take away a Crown; Honour to destroy Honour; a Life to poison Life; Adoration to produce Contempt; and Applause to contract Hatred. It is a great Folly in me, to take upon me the Vanity of a Master to teach Princes these things which I learn of them; but still I shall not be blameable. I act the Part of a Looking-glass, and shew them that in themselves, which they cannot see without an external Help. No Man can with his own Eyes see the Blemish that is in his Face; and he who cannot with his own Eyes see himself, sees it, and informs him of it. Kings labour under this Distemper, and are not sensible of it, and it is therefore dangerous because they feel it not. Those who indispose them, give the Distemper and take away the Sense of it. It is not amiss for one Member to complain for another. Subjects are Members of the King, who is the Head. When the Subjects complain their King pains them. When an Apoplexy seizes the Head, the Feet dye, the Hands shake, and the quaking Arms speak for the Head that suffers and is silent. Since then those Lethargies that attend you, O ye Heads of the World, under the Title of Ministers, deprive you of the Sense of Feeling the Diseases they bring on you, know them at least in the Complaints of your Members. It is a great Pain to endure much, and a great Disease to feel nothing, this is the Part of a dead Body, the other still has Signs of Life. You ought therefore to be more
 * concern'd

concern'd at the Want of Feeling, than at the Excess of Pain. And take Notice there are those who place the Crown on the Head, in Order to take off both Head and Crown. A Crown on the Head of *Cæsar* was his Ruin; a Stone at the Feet of *Nebuchadnezzar's* Statue destroy'd it; you are in danger from Head to Foot. There is great Instruction in these two Statues, an Addition of Honour indisposes your Heads, that is your selves; a small Stroke of a little thing breaks your Feet, that is your Subjects. Thus it ought to be your Care, not to admit too much Grandeur for your selves, nor to suffer the least Stroke to fall upon them.

Cassius stirring up all his Friends against *Cæsar*, they all answer'd, they would join in assisting him, provided that *Marcus Brutus* were concern'd; meaning by this, that they wanted not Hands or Heart to murder *Cæsar*, but the Authority of so great a Man as *Brutus*; because his Presence, and the Participation of his Virtue would justify the Action, and make it appear plausible; and that without him they should go about it with a Jealousy, and execute it with a Dread, because if he excus'd himself it would show the Fact was unlawful, and if he had a Hand in it, that it was good. These Notions having made *Cassius* uneasy, the first thing he did was to find out *Brutus*, and after being reconcil'd to him with loving Expressions and Embraces, ask'd, whether he intended to be in the Senate on the Day of the Kalends of March, because he was inform'd that *Cæsar's* Friends design'd that Day to settle his Kingdom! *Brutus* answering that he would not go. *Cassius* reply'd, Then what shall we do, if we are summon'd and our Opinion ask'd? It will be my Duty then, answer'd *Brutus*, not to be silent, but to stand up for Liberty, and lose my Life. Then *Cassius* boldly starting up, said, What Citizen can there be in Rome, *Brutus*, that will suffer you to dye so for Liberty. Do not you know yourself *Brutus*? Or do you fancy those Papers have been left in your Tribunal Seat by Mechanicks and mean Fellows, and will not believe they were contriv'd
by

by the Nobility and Persons of the greatest Worth? From other Pretors they expect Donatives, Shows, and Fights of Gladiators, from you as Heir to the subverter of Tyrants, they expect to receive their Liberty. They are all resolv'd to expose themselves to Death for your Sake, and to shun no Danger for your Safety, provided they find you as they desire, and they expect. He said, and embracing Brutus closely, they parted, each of them going to speak to his Friends.

When two combine, one of whom naturally hates Tyranny, and the other is led by Reason to dislike it, there is no Tyrant so safe but they will destroy him. Hatred is then in Perfection, when he who hates the Tyrant, and he who hates the Tyranny join together; the former excites, the latter contrives; the one is the Understanding to the others Will. These two Persons united, were the Death of *Julius Caesar*; and they had the more Power to compass so great a Design, because he plac'd them near his Person, that they might unite among themselves against him. *Cassius* whose Hatred was natural, had the Boldness to break the Ice, and to poison his Confidants with these Words.

Cassius's Speech.

‘ Since *Caesar* rashly suffers himself to be perswaded
 ‘ by Ambition, and Pride, to tyrannize over his
 ‘ Country, and circumscribe our Liberty; why shall
 ‘ not we Citizens of *Rome* be prevail’d on by Reason
 ‘ and Justice to be loyal? And why shall we suspect
 ‘ that the Gods, who have granted Victory to his
 ‘ Extortions, will refuse it to our pious Restitution?
 ‘ To question this were to condemn their Providence;
 ‘ and since he who knows how to be wicked lives no
 ‘ longer than till another knows how to be good, every
 ‘ Day and every Hour his Life is protracted, will
 ‘ be a Dishonourable Testimony of our Wickedness.
 ‘ What can we expect from our Fear, when the Commonwealth
 ‘ is out of Hopes of Redress. We are under

' der two great Dangers; our deliverance consists in
 ' knowing how to rid ourselves of that which is infam-
 ' mous. It is worse to live being unworthy of Life, for
 ' not knowing how to dye, then to dye deserving to
 ' live, for knowing how to seek our Death. Great Ac-
 ' tions are never perform'd without hazarding; and
 ' there is more Danger in wishing to kill the Tyrant,
 ' than in killing him; because he who begins that
 ' which all Men cover, only begins that which all Men
 ' End. What greater Hardship than submitting to
 ' flatter the Tyrant, to disguise with the Falshood of
 ' the Countenance, the Threats that are in the Heart?
 ' The Tyrant knows he deserves not the Applause of
 ' those who dissemble, and he punishes those he sus-
 ' pects, sooner than those against whom he has just
 ' Cause of Complaint; because he fears that is worse
 ' which he suspects, than what he sees, by how much
 ' a private Enemy is more dangerous than an open one.
 ' If you fear his Army, I do assure they want nothing to
 ' be ours, but that he cease to be; for a dead Man has
 ' nothing to stick to him but the Grave. Nor ought
 ' we to fear any thing in this Action, but the Delay;
 ' for if we give him Time, he will establish his King-
 ' dom, and strengthen his Power with his Creatures,
 ' and purchase Friends with Favours and Benefits. I
 ' have no Quarrel against *Cesar's* Person, but against
 ' his Design; these Words are not the Product of my
 ' Revenge, but my Zeal. The People call upon you
 ' by frequent Papers put up, your Country with its
 ' Groans, I with my Words, weigh my Speech in the
 ' Balance of your Honour and Duty, and I have that
 ' Confidence in your Valour that I shall not have one
 ' Vote against me.

They listned to this pestilential Discourse, and an-
 swer'd, That they neither wanted Hands, nor Hearts to
 execute what was propos'd; but that they had Need of
Marcus Brutus for the Performance; because being se-
 conded by his Virtue and Reputation, it would be ju-
 stify'd; and at the same Time they offer'd to meet the
 Danger,

Danger, provided that *Brutus* would share in it. They consider'd right, in demanding the Assistance of the Man *Cæsar* best lov'd, to murder him. Poisons are always given in that which is most frequently eaten; or is convey'd into that which is most worn.

Cassius seeing the Execution only depended on the Consent of *Marcus Brutus*, went to him, and having reconcil'd all past Differences with brotherly Kindness and Friendly Embraces, being well acquainted with his Reservedness, he put a Question, without making a Proposal, asking, whether he design'd to be in the Senate on the Day of the *Kalends of March*, because it was reported that then *Cæsar's* Friends design'd to choose him King. These Words containing the Mention of a Crown, spoken to one who lov'd the Liberty of his Country, rendred the Question grating, and offensive. *Brutus*, who was sensible, that as a wise Man is not to refuse Dangers, so neither is he to run to meet them, answer'd, That he would not go to the Senate. But *Cassius* replying, in Case we are summon'd, and our Opinion ask'd, what shall we do? *Brutus* said, Then will I shed my Blood, and lose my Life for my Countries Liberty; for he who is truly a good Councillor, may forbear going to the Senate; but if he goes, he cannot forbear saying and doing that which is right. He may dye a violent Death, but not without Constancy. *Cassius* being prepar'd, took Hold of his Words, and having bestow'd those Praises, and given those Assurances mention'd in the Text, left him the Charge of the Exploit with mighty Expressions of Affection. It is always to be observ'd, that they who magnify'd *Cæsar's* Authority were ever the Cause of the Conspiracy. He who crown'd his Statue made the People mutiny. *Cassius* provok'd *Brutus*, by telling him, That the Senate met to make him King, when he was but Dictator.

There was at that Time one Quintus Ligarius, who had been in Pompeys Favour, on Account of his former Actions, and suspected by Cæsar; who nevertheless afterwards
pardon'd

pardon'd him, and tho' he had done him extraordinary Favours, yet he still abhorring Cæsar's exorbitant Power, privately hated him, and was therefore very intimate with Brutus. This Man being then sick, Brutus went to visit him, and coming to his Bed's Side, said to him, How come you to be sick and in Bed at this Time Ligarius? He hearing these Words, rais'd himself on his Elbow and said, To tell you the truth Brutus, I am well and in perfect Health, if you think and speak of things worthy yourself. From that Time they communicated the whole Affair to all their Friends; nor did they only admit their own Confidants, but drew into their Society all such as were well affected to the publick, daring, and Contemners of Death. Yet tho' Cicero was well affected and faithful to them all, they thought not fit to acquaint him with what was concerted, because he being a Coward and one who thought to bring all things to pass only with Words, in which he entirely put his Trust, they had good Reason to fear, that whereas their Design was of such Nature as requir'd Action and Celerity, he would delay it with Words. Among his own Friends Marcus Brutus also excluded from any Participation in this Affair, Stalius the Epicurean, and Faonius the Imitator of Cato, as having sounded their Opinion in Disputes and Conversation. Faonius had said, That a civil War was worse than the most cruel Tyranny; and Stalius that it was not lawful for a wise and discreet Man to cast himself into mighty Dangers on Account of wicked or foolish Persons. Labeo, who was then present, hearing what these two said, having contradicted them, Brutus who was sensible that Dispute was nice and dangerous held his Peace, and afterwards acquainted Labeo with his Design. This Man did not only offer to be assisting, but presently spoke to another, whose Name was Brutus Albinus, whom tho' neither Noble, Virtuous, nor Brave, he thought fit to bring into the Conspiracy, because he was powerful in the Number of Gladiators, he gather'd for the publick Shows. Cassius and Labeo spoke to him, but he giving them no Answer, and Marcus Brutus afterwards talking to him in private, and telling him he was

F

the

the Head of that Enterprize, he offer'd to assist him in it to the utmost of his Power. Nor was it he alone, but many more that were prevail'd upon by the great Name of Brutus, all which Persons, tho' they conspir'd together without the Solemnity of Oaths, or touching the Altars, or offering of Sacrifices, yet kept their Resolutions so secret, that notwithstanding the many Warnings Cæsar receiv'd from Astrologers, Prodigies, and the Entrails of Beasts offer'd to the Gods, it could never be discover'd; and so many remarkable Omens and Predictions pass'd away unregarded.

When the Multitude shows its Discontent on Account of a Princes Disorders, the good and the wise are in Danger between the Complaints of the People, and the Spyes and Informers, the Tyrant has in every Company; and it is almost impossible for the Ears and Tongues to escape in this Storm; because he who says nothing, is as guilty in the Eyes of him that fears, as he who answers. Silence is inform'd against as thoughty, and the Speech as hot and impatient; and so great is the Danger, that even he is not safe from it, who knowing the Informers, commends and justifies the Oppression to conceal himself; because, he who undertakes to inform, to the End that the Tyrant may put the greater Value on his cunning, and think it greater than the Prudence of the most reserv'd Person, does not repeat what the other said before him, but what he would have had him say. Thus he urges a Forgery for a great Piece of Service, and authorizes his Advancement with Lyes. He acts his Part of an Informer and Tale-bearer, against him who talks ill of the Prince, and will not lose the Exercise of his Profession in him that speaks well. These Men very well know that the Tyrant, so miserable is his Condition, only values him who gives the largest Account of his Enemies; and only suspects that Informer who accuses none. This he does because he ever sides with the Hatred that all Men owe him. *Quintus Ligarius* being sensible of these Inconveniences, betook himself to his Bed, and pretended himself Sick, by that Means to secure

cure his Repose. *Marcus Brutus*, like a wise Man, giving no Credit to the Bed, and believing it was a Stratagem, and no Disease, said to him, *What makes you a Bed at this Time?* He did not ask him, what his Distemper was; for in things of this dangerous Consequence, it is safest to discover, and hazardous to enquire. *Quintus Ligarius*, looking upon him as a Physician, he could trust with his Distemper, raising himself up, said, *I am well and in perfect Health, if you think and speak things worthy yourself.* I am perswaded that *Marcus Brutus* spoke to him to this Effect.

Marcus Brutus's Speech.

‘ **H**itherto *Ligarius* I have been call’d *Brutus*, the
 ‘ Time is now come that I must be so. I will
 ‘ and am oblig’d to act my Name; since *Julius Caesar*
 ‘ follows the Example of *Tarquin*, I *Marcus Brutus*
 ‘ am resolv’d to imitate *Junius*. The advantages of
 ‘ his Death have now prevail’d above the Dangers of
 ‘ my own. I had rather shorten the small Remainder
 ‘ of my Life, than Disgrace the greater Part of it
 ‘ which is past. I do the Business of Posterity, I pre-
 ‘ pare those that have not yet a being, that they may
 ‘ prove such as they ought to be, at the Expence of
 ‘ those that are. Life is short, or rather none at all in
 ‘ him that forgets what is past, lavishes the present,
 ‘ and despises what is to come; and it is Life, and has
 ‘ a Continuance only in him, who puts all the Times
 ‘ together; when he recalls the past by remembring it;
 ‘ enjoys that which passes by Virtue, and provides for
 ‘ that to come with Prudence. This is, *Ligarius*,
 ‘ what I drive at. I remember what was in those Days,
 ‘ when crown’d Iniquity was cut short by the Sword
 ‘ of my Ancestor. I am resolv’d to do my Duty in
 ‘ Relation to what now is, and provide for what shall
 ‘ be hereafter. We have all hitherto known that
 ‘ *Rome* is our Mother; at present *Rome* scarce knows
 ‘ which of us all is her Son. To lose our Liberty is
 F 2 ‘ the

the Part of Beasts; to suffer it to be taken away of
 Cowards. He who becomes a Slave for the Sake of
 living, is not sensible that Servitude deserves not the
 Name of Life, and dyes for Fear of being kill'd. We
 look upon it as decent to dye of our own Diseases,
 and shall we refuse to dye of that which has seiz'd
 our Commonwealth? He has neither Life nor Ho-
 nour, who does not perceive how glorious it is to
 dye rather than forfeit ones Honour. I will sooner
 cease to be a Citizen of *Rome*, than her true Son. It
 is rather an Encouragement to me, than a dismaying,
 that Fortune fail'd me in this Design in *Pompey's* Ar-
 my; for the Gods refuse the Success of such just
 Actions to the Uncertainty of Chance, that they may
 grant it to the Staidness of Virtue. All the Blood
 spilt at *Pharsalia* rather excites than discourages me;
 I did what I could there, here I will do what my
 Duty requires. If the Gods do not assist me, yet I
 will not fail to assist the Gods. I could not prevent
Cesar's Arms beginning to be successful; but will en-
 deavour they shall not go through stitch with it. If
 any will follow me, Posterity shall be sensible that
 that there were more true *Romans*, if not, they shall
 perceive that I alone durst be so. It is an extraordi-
 nary Glory to be singular in Goodness, but it is an ill
 natur'd Glory. I do not desire it, because I love my
 Country; nor do I fear it, because I know its Citi-
 zens. I do not hate *Cesar's* Life, but his Designs.
 That Wickedness which through Corruption rais'd
 him to Magistracy, has perswaded him through Am-
 bition to perpetuate in himself that Post which the
 Ignorance of the Senators continu'd him in. Sacrilege
 afterwards enrich'd him by robbing the Temple of
Saturn, without regarding *Metellus's* religious Admo-
 nitions. Blind Fortune gave his Treachery the Vi-
 ctory in the last Battel, and *Ptolomy's* Falshood gave
 him *Pompey's* Head. All he has, and has obtain'd, is
 the Gift of Iniquity; he possesses nothing but what
 is a Crime in the Giver, and in the Possessor. The
 taking

' taking it from him, is no Rapine, but a Discharge.
 ' What is taken from a Robber, is restor'd with Ju-
 ' stice, when recover'd with Violence. I do not
 ' form a Conspiracy, *Ligarius*, but erect a Court, I
 ' summon my Friends to be Judges not Conspirators.
 ' Passion, *Ligarius*, inflames the Understanding, but
 ' does not inform it, and Patience which obliges the
 ' Good, encourages the Wicked. It is therefore conve-
 ' nient to possess them both or neither; for moderated
 ' Passion can be a Virtue, and Patience provok'd can
 ' cease to be a Vice. *Cesar's* Partizans have decreed to
 ' declare him King in the Senate, on the Day of the
 ' *Kalends of March*. It is requisite to anticipate this
 ' Offence by his Death, before the Name of King with
 ' the Splendor of Majesty, gains the ignorant Multi-
 ' tude, and strikes a Terror into the Loyal. I am no
 ' Stranger to his Manner of strengthening himself, he
 ' is attended by his Partizans, he has made himself a
 ' numerous Retinue of Criminals, who may be con-
 ' cern'd in his Preservation, as being Partakers in his
 ' Offences. Those who have been thought worthy to
 ' be nearest him are Informers, Murderers, and Sacri-
 ' legious, perjurd and mischievous Contrivers. And
 ' these last are the fittest to establish his Sovereignty,
 ' because they confound the Understanding of the Peo-
 ' ple with Projects, Chimera's, Follies, and Innovati-
 ' ons, and distract them with the perpetual Motion of
 ' unheard of Machinations. If our Zeal proves sloath-
 ' ful, and we grant him Leisure to be crown'd, he
 ' will make those who are now Criminals, Ministers,
 ' and Princes, and the Punishment of their Offences
 ' will be obstructed by the Greatness of their Employ-
 ' ments; for in this World small Crimes are punish'd
 ' and the great ones are crown'd; and only he is guilty
 ' who can be punish'd, and the Offender who cannot be
 ' punish'd, is a Lord. Celerity therefore *Ligarius*, is
 ' as much requisite as Valour. I do not call you to
 ' Danger, but to Glory. I am so well acquainted
 ' with your Virtue, that I do not wrong it in ex-
 ' pecting

‘ peeting an Answer from your Mouth, tho’ I have it
 ‘ from your Duty.

Ligarius’s Speech.

‘ **H**E bravely reply’d. Your Words *Brutus*, require
 ‘ no Answer, but Obedience. They are of such a
 ‘ Nature, that all I am concern’d for, is, that I did
 ‘ not utter them. In these Affairs, the least said is best,
 ‘ tho’ something must be said. Our Minds are united ;
 ‘ set your Hands to the Work, and let artful Silence go-
 ‘ vern Time ; for that Multitude of evil Men in whom
 ‘ *Cæsar* confides, will hate him when he is dead, as
 ‘ much as if they were good ; because Wickedness has
 ‘ one thing worse than itself, which is that it stands in
 ‘ Need of vile Men to support and maintain it. There
 ‘ must be no mention of Difficulties when the Resolu-
 ‘ tion is necessary, since Wickedness and Prudence go-
 ‘ vern the World. And since fearful Councils leave
 ‘ vile Men loose to commit more Wrongs, if you will
 ‘ free me from Apprehension, put me upon acting in-
 ‘ stead of reasoning.

Encourag’d by this Conference, they parted.

Marcus Brutus shew’d his Discretion as much in
 those he made Choice of, as in those he rejected. *Cicero*
 was his particular Friend, of known Fidelity by long
 Experience ; but he was more eloquent than brave, he
 perform’d all his Exploits with the Tongue, not the
 Sword. He talk’d much and well, and so his Words
 stood instead of Actions. In him *Brutus* perceiv’d he
 hazarded the Secret of so great an Enterprize, because
 his Design was not to perswade a thing to be done, but
 to perform an Action that should perswade with the
 Execution. He went not about to prove it convenient
 to kill *Cæsar*, but to kill *Cæsar* in Order to prove it had
 been convenient so to do. For this Reason he excluded
 eloquent *Cicero*, *Stalins* the *Epicurean*, and *Faonius* for
 the Philosophical Fear they had express’d in their Con-
 versation. The one approv’d of the Tyranny and not
 of

of the civil War, as if Tyranny were not the worst civil War, and already victorious. The other affirm'd, that a wise Man ought not to run himself into Danger on the Account of wicked Men, and Fools. This Man gave an odious Name to every good thing; he call'd Loyalty Danger; and zealous prudent Men wicked, and Fools. There is always a Sort of Men in Commonwealths, who gain the Reputation of Politicians by a sloathful easy Life; and purchase Honour and Esteem, by a disagreeable Melancholy; they pretend to talk like Men of Experience, and discourse like Innocents. They ever side with Ease and Conveniency, calling infamous Persons peaceable, and vile Tempers cautious. These are so wicked, that only those are worse who give credit to them. *Brutus* made them no answer, tho' *Labeo* contradicted them, because these Men grow worse by Information, than by being condemn'd.

Brutus did not think fit to secure the Secret with Oaths, Sacrifices, or exterior Ceremonies; because these very things may prove circumstantial Evidences, and a Secret attended by Noise is often betray'd by it. This Addition of Oaths and Sacrifices in Conspiracies, is so far from securing, that it rather renders them suspected; because it always discovers the Mistrust those who require them have of those who grant them. That Affair is perform'd with least Hazard, which requires fewest Circumstances. *Marcus Brutus* verify'd the Truth of this Assertion, for committing his Design only to the Souls of his Fellow Conspirators, he kept it so close, that he baffled the Belief of the Astrologers, who threatn'd *Caesar* with the certain Day of his Death; and discredited the Entrails of dead Beasts, which Superstition made Use of as prophetick, and foretold it; and all the Signs and Omens, that gave Notice of his Danger. God orders it so; because, if rash Men were not incredulous, it would be hard for them to meet with their Punishment; but being born for Examples, they only credit their own Pride, which

which vainly puts them by the Remedy of all their Doubts.

‘ *Brutus* perceiving that all the brave and loyal Men
 ‘ in the City depended on him, weigh’d the Danger in
 ‘ the most hidden Recesses of his Mind, and endeavour’d
 ‘ to compose his outward Looks both by Day and
 ‘ Night: He was not the same Man at home, for some-
 ‘ times Anxiety prevail’d on him in Spight of Sleep;
 ‘ and being profoundly melancholy, reflecting on the
 ‘ Variety of Difficulties, and the threatening Dangers,
 ‘ he could not escape the loving Observation of his
 ‘ Wife, who by his Uneasiness perceiv’d, he inwardly
 ‘ labour’d under the Pangs of some difficult and hazar-
 ‘ dous Resolution. Her Name was *Porcia*, and she was
 ‘ *Cato’s* Daughter. *Brutus* Married her, when she was a
 ‘ Widow and Young. They had one Son call’d *Bibu-*
 ‘ *lus*, of whom we have still a small Commentary of
 ‘ *Brutus’s* Actions. *Porcia* was a Woman studious in
 ‘ Philosophy, fond of her Husband, brave and dis-
 ‘ creet, and being such, would first make an Experi-
 ‘ ment on herself, before she ask’d her Husband the
 ‘ Cause of his afflicting Sadness. The Experiment she
 ‘ made on herself was thus. She gave herself a consi-
 ‘ derable wound in one of her Thighs, with a Sort of
 ‘ Knife the Barbers then us’d to pair Nails, having first
 ‘ sent away her Maids, and being left alone. She bled
 ‘ violently, which was follow’d with extreme Pains,
 ‘ and hot and cold Fits. Then seeing *Brutus* amaz’d
 ‘ and concern’d at her dangerous Condition, and vio-
 ‘ lent Pangs, she spoke to him in this Manner. I *Ca-*
 ‘ *to’s* Daughter Married you *Brutus*, not as Concubines
 ‘ do, only for your Company at Bed and Board, but
 ‘ to be your inseparable Companion in Prosperity and
 ‘ Adversity. I have no Reason to complain of you, and
 ‘ you have Cause to find fault with having Married
 ‘ me, since I can afford you no Comfort or Satisfaction,
 ‘ as not helping you to bear the secret Torment that
 ‘ lyes in your Mind, nor the Trouble which I see
 ‘ makes you uneasy, and requires a Confident. I am
 ‘ sensible

' sensible that Womans frail Nature, is not capable of
 ' keeping a Secret ; but in me there is a peculiar Virtue
 ' of good Education, and noble Disposition, which
 ' reforms the Defects of my Sex, and this I enjoy as
 ' Daughter to *Cato*, and Wife to *Brutus*. I had less
 ' Confidence herein before, but have now made the
 ' Experiment, that I am invincible to Pain, or Death.
 ' This said, she discover'd the Wound, and told him
 ' to what End she had given it herself. He surpris'd,
 ' and beside himself with Astonishment, and Concern,
 ' lifted up his Hands to Heaven, beseeching the Gods
 ' they would be propitious to his Design, that he
 ' might appear a Husband worthy of *Porcia*.

Those things which degenerate from themselves are
 often prodigious in those particulars wherein they devi-
 ate from their Nature ; if good, they are admirable,
 and most base if otherwise. Men that have prov'd Effeminate, have been the vilest Dishonour of the World.
 Women that prov'd Masculine were ever the Wonder
 of all Ages ; for as it is shameful to renounce the Good
 one has, so is it glorious to cast off the Evil and Frailty.
Porcia the Wife of *Marcus Brutus* was so renown'd,
 that by her Actions she look'd more like *Cato* himself,
 than his Daughter ; more like *Marcus Brutus* himself,
 than his Wife ; for whereas the Nature of all Women
 has a Propension to love Toys, and only minds the
 Improvement of their Beauty, the satiating themselves
 with Delight, and their Delicacy, and Attendance ;
 this Woman being covetous of Troubles, and ambitious
 of Care, was generously jealous, not of his want of
 Love, but that she did not share equally in the Affliction
 which distracted her Husband. She took it as an Affront
 that *Brutus* did not think her worthy to suffer with him,
 and capable of murdering Cares. She was afflicted to
 see him melancholy, and ashamed to be so only by Sight,
 and not by being entrusted with his Secret, and this
 because she knew that Sorrow alone increases when it
 confides in no Body. She thought that *Brutus's* not
 imparting it to her, was through Fear of womanish
 Weakness ; and therefore he rather chose

to bear more secret and discreet Grief, than less when divided with Hazard. She blam'd him not, because she was a Woman; but contriv'd to excuse herself, knowing how to be a Woman. She first qualify'd herself with a dangerous Wound, to ask her Husband the Cause of his Sorrow, before she put the Question. She resolv'd her very Question should be a glorious Action, not a Piece of Curiosity; and own'd the World had so little Opinion of a Woman's keeping a Secret, that she try'd herself by suffering Death, to evince that she could keep it. O the Learned, and at that Juncture religious Contempt of Health! *Porcia* to convince *Brutus* that she will dye before she will reveal the Secret, first wounds herself almost to Death, that the bloody Experiment may justify the Question. She would not have *Brutus* rely on her Promise for her Constancy, but that the Sight of Death itself should gain her Husbonds Credit. Many Women have gain'd Laurels in War, many have purchas'd Immortality among the Gentiles for their Virtue; but none of them was ever equal to *Porcia*, who own'd the Weakness of the Sex, and did not only disprove it, but acting above Man, was to her Husband a Wife, a Sacrifice, a Trouble and an Example; and slighted bearing him Company in Bed, that she might be united to him in Spirit. *Brutus* was very sensible of what he had, and what he lost, when seeing her in a desperate Condition, full of Astonishment, he ask'd not of the Gods to grant her Life, but that they would prosper his Design, so as he might be thought worthy to be *Porcia's* Husband.

How could an Enterprize fail of taking Effect when attended by such a Prodigy? Nay, the Life of *Julius Caesar* was too small a Price for so generous a Death. His Wifes Death gave *Brutus* fresh Cause to kill him. Before it was but a Punishment, now it became Revenge.

Porcia's

Porcia's Speech.

' I Will part with my Blood and Soul, said *Porcia*,
 ' but not with your Secret; and if there is no trust-
 ' ing a Woman with a Secret till she is Dead, I have
 ' kill'd my self, to deserve you may trust me with it,
 ' when it may be done. I had rather deserve to be
 ' your Wife than be so; it is better to cease to be a
 ' Wife by Death. than to be a Wife, and not deserve
 ' to be so by living. This one Trouble will put an
 ' End to us both; for I see you dye with that you have,
 ' and I dye of the same, because I have it not. I know
 ' not what you endure, and I endure it because I know
 ' it not. If you outlive your Cares which outlive me,
 ' you will live longer than I, but not better. I forgive
 ' your pitying of me now, because I love you so entire-
 ' ly, that I shall only be concern'd, for that you may
 ' afterwards envy me. Do not beg my Safety of the
 ' Gods, or seek it by the Help of Medicines, for I will
 ' not have the Art of Physick obstruct the Death, my
 ' Constancy gives me. It will be more for your Glo-
 ' ry to have had a Wife you may miss, than one you
 ' could spare. I neither charge you to live nor to dye,
 ' live if you can, and dye if there be no other Remedy.

Brutus having hear'd her, mixed his Tears with her
 Blood, and requited her Bravery by communicating
 his Design, which before he conceal'd, and now justly
 was become due to her Death. *Porcia* reviving with
 the Joy of having deserv'd to share in her Husbands
 Trouble, and raising her Voice, before sunk with the
 Loss of Blood, said,

Porcia's second Speech.

' YOU are no Way in Danger, *Brutus*; if you kill,
 ' your Country owes you her Life: if you dye,
 ' she's indebted to you for dying for her. If this hap-
 ' pens you will bear me Company, like a Husband; if
 ' you survive, you will follow me as a Lover. I be-

' seek the Gods that your Death may be delay'd, and
 ' not *Cæsar's*, for I shall carry your Love, and this Se-
 ' cret along with me to the Silence of the Grave. Con-
 ' sideration requires Time, what is resolv'd Execution.
 ' Many things are not told, and yet they spread abroad,
 ' because that which is not reveal'd is suspected. No-
 ' thing is so safe, as to consider what is to be done;
 ' and nothing is secret, if there be a Delay to consider
 ' when it is resolv'd; for then to consider is a Crime,
 ' and to be Melancholy dangerous. Take Heed of
 ' Time, which discovers all things, and observe that
 ' such Designs are to be undertaken but not delay'd.

Brutus gave Attention to her with all his Soul, and
 looking as pale as she did, endeavour'd with Sighs to
 support *Porcia's* Life, shewing a loving Tenderness up-
 on so dismal an Occasion.

*Being satisfy'd that Cæsar would be in the Senate on
 the Day appointed, they resolv'd to secure the Execution
 of their Undertaking, being all of them Persons out of
 Danger of Suspicion, because their Duty call'd them thi-
 ther. They perswaded themselves, that Cæsar being dead,
 the Liberty they restor'd would gain them the Approbation
 of the rest of the Nobility, and Persons in Power, and that
 they would defend it when gain'd. The Place seem'd Di-
 vine, by a mysterious heavenly Choice. It was a Portico,
 with an open Space near the Theatre, where the People of
 Rome had erected a Statue to Pompey, adorning the
 Place with the Portico and Theatre, where the Senate was
 summon'd on the Ides of March, as if some, who had the
 Charge of Vengeance, had brought Cæsar thither to make
 Pompey Satisfaction.*

Brutus was eagerly hasty to kill *Cæsar*, push'd on by
 his great Loss in the death of *Porcia*. He wish'd the
 Tyrants Death might happen before hers, as a Reward
 of her Constancy, a Revenge for her Blood, and a
 Proof of the Secret which cost her so dear; and since
 she gave herself her Deaths Wound to know what he
 design'd to do, he endeavour'd she should know what
 he had done before she expir'd.

Conspiracies against Princes are as dangerous, as they are unjust ; and more dangerous when concerted, than when put in Execution. *Brutus* and *Cassius* wisely secur'd this, as contriving the Execution of it with only such Persons as of Necessity must be about the Prince, who could not be taken Notice of, or excluded, that there might not be the least Room for Suspicion. They were all Councillors, and were to kill him in Council. *Cesar* is not the only Prince that has been Murder'd by his Councillors. More have been destroy'd by ill Advice, than by their Enemies. In this particular, Laws, and Physick resemble one another. The Physitians kill, and live by killing, and the Blame is lay'd on the Distemper. Wicked Councillors ruin a Monarch, and lay the Fault at Fortunes Door ; and both of them are Murderers in Pay. The Physitian kills the Patient with what he prescribes for his Cure ; the Councillor destroys his Master, with the Advice he gives him to do well. All the Talk is that *Cesar* was kill'd, because the Wounds of the Ponyards appear, and those of ill Advice do not. Thus they say they kill him they wound, but they do not say they kill him they undertake to cure. The Difference is fatal ; for one is kill'd with Daggers, and many if not all dye of evil Councils. How could a Monarch live, whose Senators were his Enemies ? I rather admire how any live, since few have them for their Friends. Advice is dangerous to that Prince, who knows not how to fear as well as to admit of it. It is absolutely necessary for a Prince to have a Council and to hear it, if he knows how to decipher it. A Prince must have something more in him than his Councillors, or else they will lead him where they will, he who knows how to take Advice, makes others know how to give it him. He is truly a King, who by the Resolution he comes to, upon the Advice receiv'd, instructs those who give him Council. Many things have been well manag'd by Advice receiv'd, and no fewer by Council rejected. *Cesar* thinks he comes to be advis'd, and he comes to be Murder'd. Wicked Men have much to fear in that
they

they lay aside the Memory of a great God, which pleads at the Punishment of such, to the Circumstances of the Sin. It is not enough that *Cæsar* dye, but that he fall at the Feet of *Pompey's* Statue, whose Death he was. Hypocrisy was ever most odious in the Sight of God. *Cæsar* was glad to see *Pompey's* Head cut off, and pretended to weep, divine Justice punish'd this Offence in the Circumstance of casting him down dead at the Feet of the Effigies of the Person he had wrong'd. The World was ever govern'd by the only true God, all holy, and ever just. Errors in Religion proceeded from the Erroneous Minds of Men; they acted like weak Creatures, he like an upright Creator. They gave him several Names in the Gods Idolatry introduc'd, but they took not his Office from him; his Providence was as watchful then as it is now; I own it was more offended, but no less practis'd. The Tyrant kills, because he has Power, and does not remember that he can and ought to dye who kills. He thinks himself above Punishment, because he does not remember who Judges him. Had *Julius Cæsar* read, and not barely look'd on *Pompey's* Statue, he would have dreaded it as an Accusation, and not thought it a meer Image. He would have taken it for a Complaint writ on Brass against him, and not for an Ornament to his Tribunal, or the Representation of his Vengeance.

As soon as it was Day Brutus went abroad with a *Ponyard* conceal'd, none of his Family knowing any thing of his Design, but his Wife. The rest of the Conspirators join'd with Cassius, and carried his Son to the Forum, or great Place of publick Assemblies, there to take the *Toga Virilis*, or Garment appointed at the Years of Manhood. Thence they went altogether to *Pompey's* Portico, pretending to wait for *Cæsar's* coming. Herein is much to be admir'd the Constancy and Resolution of these brave Men, several of whom as *Pretors* being oblig'd to try Causes, they not only gave grateful Attention to the Parties concern'd, as if they had been wholly disengag'd from the Burden of so great an Enterprize, but having hear'd the Causes with Attention, they discuss'd the Points, summ'd

up the Evidences. and gave Judgment deliberately. One of the Defendants refusing to pay the Sum of Money he had been su'd for, and Judgment given against him, and with great Cries obstinately appealing to Cæsar, and calling out upon him, Brutus looking about him said, Cæsar neither does, nor will he hinder me giving Judgment according to Law. And to say the Truth, Fortune that Day threw many odd Rubbs in his Way. The greatest of them was Cæsar's Stay, for he not being able to expiate the Gods by Sacrifice, his Wife full of Fear detain'd him, and the perplex'd Augurs and Soothsayers earnestly oppos'd his going abroad. that Day.

It is requisite in great Undertakings that our Prudence should prevent the Malice, or Jealousy of others. The Thoughts are to be so close confin'd in the Soul, that they may find no Passage or Loophole from the Senses to the Faculties. The Eyes are apt to talk, and the Actions of the Body are apt to betray the Motions of the Understanding. He who is so thoughty as to forget what he is doing, discovers what he would conceal by his distraction. They must think so, that the Tyrant may not guess at their Thoughts by their Heaviness. The Man that can play two parts at once, secures what he contrives, by what he counterfeits. Tyrants are very expert at reading of Countenances; and when they Reign, the People carefully observe all outward Appearances, to please their anxious Curiosity without Danger. Nothing ought less to be shown than what is most earnestly desired. Outward Hypocrisy, which is a moral Vice, is at the same time a Politick Virtue. It lives upon Air, and is the *Cameleon* of Power. All the Conspirators were met to murder Cæsar, and gave such unconcern'd Attention to the Tryals that were before them as Pretors, as if they had not their Thoughts employ'd on such a dangerous Enterprize; so that they did not seem to have the inward Man arm'd, and upon the Watch, but entirely to attend that Affair. They were so far from seeming to expect Cæsar, that they rather look'd as if they had not remember'd there was any such Man.

Neither

Neither *Jews* nor *Gentiles* could ever charge divine Providence with Neglect in correcting the Wicked. It is the Method of his Justice to forewarn, before he punishes. *Julius Caesar* had many Presages that inform'd him of his Death, but Men that are hardned in Sin, for the most Part are positive and incredulous, which causes Security, and this produces the Ruin of Princes, the Fall of great Men, and their Misfortunes, because Obstinacy ever was, and will be the Cause of Disasters.

A few Months before the Day we speak of, the Inhabitants of the *Capuan* Colony, digging up the ancient Graves, in Pursuance of the *Julian* Law, to till the Ground, and being more eager at it, as conceiting they should find some Treasures, because they met with some ancient Urns, and other Vessels of great Antiquity among the earth they threw up; they took up a Plate of Metal from the Tomb, where *Capis* the Founder of *Capua* was suppos'd to be buried. On it they found the following Inscription in Greek Characters. *When the Bones of Capis shall be taken up, then shall the Successor of Julius be murder'd by the bloody Hands of his Kindred.* This Prediction, that it may not be thought false or fabulous, was deliver'd by *Cornelius Balbus*, who was very intimate with *Julius Caesar*. These are the words of *Suetonius*.

The *Gentiles* in relation to Threats of what was to happen, gave much Credit to the Words of dying Persons, and to the Inscriptions found in Tombs. For my part, I am somewhat mistrustful of these things that are found under Ground; and of this more particularly, at a time when to stir up all Men against *Julius Caesar*, malicious Persons were setting Crowns on his Statues, and fixing Papers on that of *Junius Brutus*. Contriving Heads have impos'd many things on the last Pangs of Men, and on the Monuments of the dead. Whether true or false this is deliver'd by a grave Author, from the Relation of one of *Caesar's* Friends, and he ought to have fear'd this Inscription, if not as a Prophecy, yet as a Threat; and it is rather Folly than Undaunted-

Undauntedness to persist in the Contempt of such Things. It is also written, that a few Days before this we speak of, the Horses which *Cæsar* upon his passing the *Rubicon*, had consecrated and left loose, without any Keepers, were found moaning, and refusing to graze. *Homer* before this tells us of Horses grieving and lamenting. It were nothing strange that History should learn this Fable from Poetry; or that *Cæsar's* Flatterers, who after his Death made a God of him, affirming that they saw his Soul converted into a Star, should add these Prodigies as Circumstances of his Divinity.

Spurina the Soothsayer sacrificing, forewarn'd him, to take Heed of the Danger, for he would not escape the *Ides of March*. Others say, this Man was an Astrologer, and foretold it by calculating *Cæsar's* Nativity.

I have no Opinion of Judiciary Astrology. It is a Science that pleases Cowards, without any other Ground for it but Superstition. It is of the Nature of Sin, which all Men condemn, and yet all commit. It is a false Slander, which Men, who cannot employ themselves better, lay upon the Stars. I do not deny but that superior Causes, govern natural Affairs on Earth; nor that inferior Beings have a Dependence on their Influence; but I disprove the Certainty of their Conclusions by those very Beings, as finding nothing of Truth in them, and seeing them daily contradicted by Experience. Under the very same Position of the Heavens and Aspects of Planets, one Man dyes miserably, and another lives long and happy; and the Stars posited in the same Houses, scarce ever speak true, and frequently prove false. This is evidently and undeniably prov'd, besides, many other learned and religious Authors by *Sixtus Abhemminga Frisius*, in his Book entitled, *Astrologia ratione & experientia refutata*; where he demonstrates it by thirty Nativities of as many Princes, Kings, Emperors, and Popes, whose Lives and Deaths were Examples of the greatest Prosperity, or Calamity, observ'd by *Ciprian Laovicus*, *Hieronimus Cardanus*, and *Lucas Gauricus*, all famous Men in judiciary Astrology.

Tho' this vain Science is a necessary Motive of Fear, and an useless Comfort, and as vain when it threatens as when it promises, yet it never wants Followers, nor its Professors Admirers. Wonderful Blindness of Men! Who not knowing what is, and forgetting what was, yet pretend to know what will be? I am not ignorant of many strange Stories there are told of Astrology, but Lyars being ancients in the World than Astrologers, and all Ages having been furnish'd with Ignorance, Credulity and Falseness, I cannot but question the Authority of such Tales. I would therefore advise Princes two things. The first that they do not give Ear to them. The other, that if they hear, they would not for the Sake of Religion believe, nor in Prudence despise them; for so doing they will correct the Fault of having heard them.

Another Day before that fatal one, the Bird call'd *Regaliolus*, or the King of the Birds, carrying a Branch of Laurel, and being follow'd by many Birds of several Colours, entred *Pompey's* Court, and was there torn in Pieces by them; and the very Night before *Cæsar* was murder'd, he dreamt that he flew above the Clouds, and that he shook Hands with *Jove*. His Wife *Calpurnia*, as it were in a Vision, thought that the Top of her Palace fell down, and that her Husband was murder'd on her Lap, and immediately her Chamber Doors flew open.

Let us grant that all this happen'd, as it is deliver'd down to us, believing they were the Effects of God's infinite Mercy, to prevent the Conspirators being guilty of the Murder, and *Cæsar's* Death. God spoke to them in the Prodigies they heard of, and advis'd them by Means of the Birds, of Beasts, of Tombs, and of Dreams, that *Cæsar* might not have Cause to complain of his Death, nor the Murderers an Excuse for their Offence. Thus Monarchs ought seriously to reflect upon Accidents, looking upon them as heavenly Warnings, not as human Superstitions.

The second thing that put the Conspirators into a Consternation that Day was, that one who was not in the Conspiracy

spiracy came up to Calca, who was of the Number of the Plotters, and grasping him hard by the right Hand said, You have kept the secret from us Casca, but Brutus has told all. And then laughing at the Confusion and Surprise Casca was in, added, Tell me, how came you in so short a time to be rich enough to fancy yourself an Edil. Casca deceiv'd by the double Meaning of this Man's Words, was upon the Brink of owning all their Contrivance. Again, Popilius Lenas, a Senator, whispering Brutus and Cassius said, I wish for your own Sakes that you may execute what lyes conceal'd in your Hearts; and I advise you not to delay it, because Silence is not lasting. This said, he went away, leaving them very jealous that their Resolution was betray'd. At this time came a Servant from Brutus's House, panting and out of Breath, to tell him, his Wife was then expiring. Porcia angering her Wound with Excess of Care for the Danger her Husband was in, could not rest, and every little Noise she heard, enquir'd after Brutus, and what he was doing. These continu'd Pangs cast her into a Swoon, so that her Legs failing her, she dropt down senseless among her Maids, with such Symptoms of Death in her Face, and want of Speech and Breath, that the Women about her concluding she had expir'd, accompanied their Fears with dismal Cryes and Lamentations, giving Occasion to such as heard them to say that Porcia was dead. This News being brought, and Brutus not believing it, he resolv'd with invincible Courage, not to leave the publick Concern for his own, tho' it griev'd him so extremely.

In great Revolutions of Kingdoms and Commonwealths, malicious idle Persons play the Part of Soothsayers, and Malecontents, that of Astrologers. It is not always through want of Secrecy, that what is not reveal'd comes to be discover'd, but through too much Malice in others. Those therefore who carry on great Designs, must arm themselves with prudent and dumb Cautiousness; and not seem to understand the equivocal Words curious Men use in asking and lifting, signifying that they know what they seek after. *Casca* was startled, and discover'd much of what he conceal'd by

the Consternation he was in, at what he heard. But *Brutus* and *Cassius* heard *Popilius Lenas* with double Precaution, concealing from him both the Jealousy he had rais'd in them, and the Thing they were about; nor did they dismay in their Resolution for the Danger there appear'd to them. They conspir'd no less against their own Danger than against *Cæsar*. *Brutus* heard the News that his Wife was dead, and deny'd himself to his own Sorrow, that he might attend the Publick. He will never kill a Tyrant, who does not first decree his own Death. *Brutus* did no less prudently than honourably in staying; for if as they said, *Porcia* was dead, he could not raise her to life again; and if he slip'd the Opportunity, there was no recalling of it. He thought it a more honourable and sincere Expression of his Love to revenge her Death with *Cæsar's*, than to bewail it with his Eyes, which he kept dry, in Spight of his Sorrow.

Some Men began to suspect that *Cæsar* was grown weary of his Life, and did not desire to be safe at so uneasy a Rate, and that therefore he regarded not the Forebodings of so many Omens, nor the Perswasions of his Friends. Some are of Opinion, that through a fond Confidence he had in that last Senate, he would not permit the Spanish Guard that attended him with naked Cutlases to accompany him that Day. Others say, he often declar'd, he would rather once for all endure what threatned him, than be always in Fear of it. Nay there were those who gave out they heard him say, That the Commonwealth stood in Need of his Life and Safety; that for his own Part he had gain'd Glory enough, and if any Misfortune beset him, the Commonwealth would have no Peace, but would soon labour under greater Calamities by civil Wars. These Reasons prevailing, he resolv'd to go to the Senate on that Day, which met with so many Contradictions on all Hands; and being over perswaded by *Decius Brutus*, who told him it was not reasonable to delay Business, He set out from his Palace at the fifth Hour, resolving not to determine any Point in Debate, excusing himself with Indisposition; being somewhat daunted that he could not sacrifice to Expiation. It was presently given out that *Cæsar* was coming in his Horse Litter. By the Way, in the
Sight

Sight of Brutus and Cassius, Popilius Lenas, he who had saluted them, as if he were acquainted with the Conspiracy stopp'd the Litter, and whilst they two look'd on full of Concern, he continu'd a considerable Space, talking with Cæsar in private. Neither Brutus, nor Cassius hearing what was said, they somewhat dismay'd, as fearing he was giving an Account of their Design. Cassius and others who mislik'd this Discourse, laying Hands on their Swords, Brutus who by Popilius's Behaviour, guess'd he was earnestly begging something for himself, and not accusing them, undeceiv'd and compos'd them all, preventing their being too hasty upon that Suspicion. Soon after Lenas, taking leave of Cæsar, kiss'd his Hand, discovering by his last Words, that he had begg'd some Favour for himself. He went on, and a Citizen deliver'd him a Memorial containing the Conspiracy, with the Names of all that were concern'd in it, and said, Read this Paper Cæsar, for it concerns you. He carrying other Papers and Petitions in his Hand, clapt this between his Fingers, that he might remember to read it, but being diverted by the People thronging about him, read it not. Being near the Senate House, he saw Spurina pass by, and remembring his Prediction, said to him aloud, This Day are the Ides of March, Spurina. He answer'd, They are this Day, but are not past. All this was heard by those who hop'd to verify Spurina's Words, and to make the Ides of March unfortunate.

To kill ones self for Fear of dying is no less Folly than Cowardice. It is the vilest Action of the Understanding, as being the Offspring of such base Parents, as Ignorance and Fear; two Vices, which once joyn'd never part. For he who fears is ignorant; and he who is ignorant fears. I would only know where he finds Courage to kill himself, who has it not to stay to be kill'd? But I guess this is an Exploit of Fear, which sometimes can give Wounds and shed Blood. More Men have dy'd in Battles through Fear, than by the Sword, and no small Number of Victories has been gain'd by Fear turn'd into Despair, not into Valour. The Experience hereof has instructed the cunning Conqueror to rest satisfied with his Adversaries Flight. Hence we may gather,

ther, that Fear makes itself be fear'd, and that the Coward who runs away, sometimes gains the Victory over the Conqueror that pursues him. He is more excusable who dyes for Fear, than he who kills himself for Fear; because in the first, Nature acts without a Crime, and in the latter, there is an Offence proceeding from a weak and base Reason. They are most wrongfully cry'd up as glorious Persons, who kill'd themselves to avoid falling into the Hands of their Enemies; without reflecting that their own Pusillanimity has all the Effect over them, that the Enemies Insolence could have. This is a foolish Precaution of Fear. *Cato* kills himself to prevent being kill'd by *Cesar*; if this was his Motive, he was vanquish'd and executed by himself; he was *Cesar's* Executioner, Vengeance and Avenger. If he brought it to the Standard of Cowardice, and thought many Days of Life in Subjection, to be so many Deaths, choosing rather one than many; how can he justify killing himself for Fear of Subjection. who owns he is afraid to live under it. He owns himself unworthy of the Support of invincible Patience, which despises all Calamities. Patience and Constancy are Virtue's Heroes. Fortune is worsted by none but them; Punishments are lost on them, and Cruelty is tir'd out with their Perseverance.

Julius Cesar attack'd by Dreams, Warnings, Predictions and Omens, resign'd himself up to danger, choosing rather once to undergo, than often to fear them; never considering that much Precaution rather prevents, than causes Death. His own Conscience suggested these Thoughts to *Cesar*, for having usurp'd the Empire. He rather condemn'd himself for what he knew of himself, than what he knew of others. He us'd himself like a Tyrant, and his refusing to have the *Spanish* Guard attend him, was no Rashness, but a true Sense, that it is not a Guard that defends a Criminal, but Amendment of Life. He was sensible, that Guards rather attend, than prevent the Death of him that is design'd to be kill'd, and that when they know against whom they are to defend their Prince, they have no

Prince

Prince to defend; for only the dead Man discovers the Murderer; and when they can no longer defend the dead Person, they apply themselves to secure the Slayer. *Cæsar* in his own Reason despair'd of the Defence of his Life, and of the Punishment of his Death on Account of his Tyranny; and therefore it was neither Valour, nor Rashness to leave his Guard behind when he went abroad. A mighty Storm distracted his Fancy, since it carried him from this Rashness to such a vain Confidence as to say, *That the Commonwealth was most concern'd in his Preservation.* How unadvisedly are the Dangers of private Persons thought to be secur'd by the publick Conveniency, especially when the Conveniency of many depends on the Ruin of one. Who was ever so foolish as to believe that his Safety concern'd another more than himself? Here *Cæsar* own'd the delirious Notions of self Conceit, which is, and ever will be the Bane of Prosperity. *Cæsar* seems to have made Way for his Enemies, and remov'd all Obstacles out of their Way. They were all fixt in their Resolutions, *Cæsar* in going on to Death in Spight of Nature; and the Conspirators to kill him in Defiance of so many Frights and Disappointments, since they did not conclude their Secret was betray'd, seeing *Popilius Lenas* talk so long with *Cæsar* in private. His Wife desir'd him not to go abroad; his Dream advis'd it; the *Augurs* press'd it; the Astrologer threatned him, and he believ'd none of them; only crediting *Decius Brutus* one of the Conspirators, who bid him go. Give me leave to assert that *Cæsar* was the first and the last, and the worst Conspirator against himself, and that had not he been so, the Conspiracy could not have succeeded. The Danger of Monarchs is greater in believing, than in doubting; for in this last Case they expect, they advise, they seek for, and in the former they take, they follow that which is given them.

Cæsar show'd himself free from all Suspicion, when entring the Senate, and seeing *Spurina* the Astrologer, who had foretold him the Danger, he said to him, *The Ides of March are to day Spurina.* It looks as if *Cæsar* had

had been disgusted at the Slowness of his Disaster. He who scoffs at his Danger is ever overtaken by it. *Spurina's* Answer was very resolute and wonderful. *The Ides are to day, but they are not past.* It was an unaccountable Oversight not to observe these Words, which he who reads them even now reflects upon with Concern. Yet was not this so wonderful, as that he should take the Memorial, wherein another gave him an Account of the Conspiracy, naming the Plotters and bidding him, *Read it immediately, because it concern'd him.* *Cæsar* to distinguish it from the other Papers he had in his Hand, carefully clapt it between his Fingers, and enter'd the Senate without reading it. Nothing so plain in this particular, as that God's Providence assisted the Weakness of Man. Who could imagine or expect, that he who had not credited Birds, nor Beasts, nor Tombs, nor Stars, nor Sacrifices, nor Religion, should believe a private Man? This shows that Sin has a very short Memory. *Cæsar* had his Life in his own Hand, and forgot it; his Death was in the Hands of others, and he went to meet it. Nothing prospers in our Hands, nothing miscarries in the Hand of God. Informations of Safety are seldom successful in the Hands of Tyrants. It is no new thing in them to receive wholesome Advice in Order to forget it; and it is as frequent for them to be undone by forgetting it. It is an old Practice to divert Princes, that they may not read that which concerns them. *Cæsar* wanted time to read, and he lost his Life for not reading. It is but reasonable, that he who defers his Cure till another Time, should have neither Time nor Cure.

Cæsar entered the Senate, and they all immediately beset him pretending to discourse him about some Affairs. There Cassius is said to have look'd about on Pompey's Statue and crav'd its Assistance, and Trebonius artfully kept Antony in Discourse, and stopp'd him without the Gate of the Senate House, that he might not go in.

It is as absolutely important to make Choice of a proper Place for the Execution of a Villany as to keep it Secret. This Piece of Treachery was dexterously carried

ed on in all Points, making a fit Choice of Persons, and Place. Some advis'd to attack *Cæsar* in the Street, others in his House; these were the Suggestions of Passion, not of Reason. *Marcus Brutus* who as the Chief, thought for them all, resolv'd it should be in the Senate, alledging, That the killing of him in the Street, or any other Place might prove their Ruin, because the Dignity of Princes has a great Retinue, there are many affected to their Valour, and many love their Person; and that all these, who were numerous and powerful, could not but be fir'd with Compassion for his violent Death, the Sight of his Wounds and Blood inspiring them with Horror. That the Multitude upon publick and sudden Emergencies follow the first Cry, and being govern'd by the Ear, give their Attention to the first that takes Possession of it. That even those who were *Cæsar's* Enemies, or were disgusted, or had suffer'd by him, would either be Neuters, to be thought generous and good natur'd, or for their own Safety would follow the strongest Party; because in most Cases Enmity goes not beyond the Death of the Person hated; and in so great a Confusion, as must of Necessity ensue, their Reason, nor the Motives of it could not be heard. That all those who had no Hand in the Enterprize, taking it ill that they had not been trusted with the Secret, and been intrusted as to their Valour, would prove their Enemies, and these very Persons would espouse *Cæsar's* Quarrel, and cry him up. That it was a Madness to conclude that all Men would applaud the Action, because it was for the common Benefit of all, to deliver the Country from a Tyrant; since they had seen that Abundance of the best and bravest Men of their Country had assisted towards making him an Usurper, despising all Dangers; and that all these had now their Dependance on him; and therefore it would be very hard, in the Presence of *Cæsar's* mangled Body, for so few to perswade so many, that their Motive was a just Zeal, and not Envy; and they might easily be apprehensive of a worse Tyranny from the Murderers; for it

is the Nature of the Croud to hate him that is living, and to miss him as soon as dead, and generally mighty Praises and Commendations are only bestow'd on the unfortunate and the Grave. That there was much Cause to dread the Lamentations of the Women, by whose Affections the Resolutions of Men are govern'd. He affirm'd that an Undertaking of this Nature ought to be executed in such a Place, that the Cause of it might be known before his Death; that they might hear he was dead, and not see him. That to this Effect, and to obviate all the aforementioned Inconveniencies, the only proper Place was the Senate, and the only fit Persons the Senators; because the Place authoriz'd the Fact, and the Persons concern'd as Fathers of their Country gave it a Sanction. That the Murder by their Relation would be made to appear rather honourable than cruel, and they would meet with an Audience free from disorderly Compassion, and rude *Plebeian* Commiseration; so that Cruelty itself would be respected as a Mystery. Being convinc'd by these Reasons, they concluded the Murder should be committed in the Senate.

I do not write these Arguments to instruct Conspirators, but Princes, that they may be warn'd of the Place and Persons that alone can prove fatal to them. The Leaves of Sage so full of Virtue, are not to be condemn'd, because he dyes that eats them, but the Toad that poisons them; and therefore that is the worst of all Creatures, because it seeks out the best to make it pernicious. My Lines will not deserve to be blam'd for the Rage of the Basilisk that reads them, but the Contagion of his Eyes that carry Death in their Looks; nor will any condemn these Expressions, but he that is concern'd I should reveal that as a Warning, which he might act in private for Destruction. If Kings will learn what they are to fear, they will know how to live. He does not poison, who does not give them Drink; he does not wound them, who is kept at a Distance; he does not deceive, who does not advise them;

them; their Palace is their Field of Battel. I know some one Madman has had the Boldness to murder his Prince in the Street; and I know that is a rare Instance. But I also know that no Man can tell how many Monarchs have dy'd by the Hands of their Confidants, and how many Sons have been made Heirs by their Fathers Servants. *Cæsar* liv'd in Battles where Men dye, and *Cæsar* dy'd in the Senate where all live. Since Kings and Emperors take the Name of *Cæsars*, let them also take warning by him.

It was a notable Action of *Cassius* to look upon *Pompey's* Statue, and ask Assistance of it; this was a Piece of Idolatry paid by Passion to Injustice. He who kills another, will do well to perswade himself that he may shed his Blood, but not silence it. Dead *Pompey's* Statue was in the Senate the Idol of *Cæsar's* Murderers. No sooner had *Cæsar* entred the Senate, but they all furrounded him on Pretence of Business. They went not thither to lose Time, but to make Use of and deprive *Cæsar* of it.

They had excluded *Mark Antony* from the Conspiracy, tho' he was a Man of such Vivacity, that Hardships seem'd to be tir'd in him, rather than to tire him. He was born for War, fortunate in Arms, and therefore *Cæsar's* particular Favourite, which was the principal Cause of excluding him the Conspiracy. They knew that *Antony* was the Cause of *Cæsar's* Disobedience, when he refus'd to lay down Arms; for being Tribune of the People, through the Corruption of *Curius*, when all the Senate refus'd to read the Letters, that *Cæsar* writ, to be continu'd in his Command, he presum'd to read them, stirring up the People to mutiny. And observing, that *Lepidus* and *Cato* rejected the new Conditions propos'd by *Cæsar's* Friends, he went away abruptly with *Quintus Cassius* to *Cæsar*, and with seditious Cries exhorted him to Tyranny. They also declin'd acquainting *Mark Antony*, on Account of his being rash, and ambitious, a Lover of

Novelty, of base and vicious Behaviour, publicly Leud, given to drinking till he lost his Senses, a Companion of Ruffians, Pimps and Buffoons, a Protector of Criminals and Offenders, and all his Life a continu'd Course of Enormity and Scandal. For these Reasons they not only conceal'd their Designs from him, but contriv'd that *Trebonius* should this Day hold him in Discourse at the Door, that he might not enter the Senate. And tho' they were all of Opinion that they ought to murder *Mark Antony* with *Julius Caesar*, *Marcus Brutus* stily oppos'd it, alledging, That it was not convenient to touch any other Man's Life but the Tyrants, lest the Action should be discredited by the Name of a civil War, or private Revenge. This was the first oversight in *Brutus's* Judgment, as not reflecting that the Perfection of violent Actions consists in their Security, which is gain'd rather by proceeding to Extremity, than by Moderation. He conceited that, *Caesar* being once dead, *Mark Antony* would espouse his Party; never considering it was better he should follow *Caesar* in Death, than to expect he should embrace their Opinion. It was most certain that since he assisted another to usurp upon the Liberty of his Country, he would not be an Hindrance to himself. It had been therefore safer to kill than to stop him.

They all stood about *Cæsar* upon Pretence of Business, and among them *Tullius Cymber* intreated him for a Brother of his, who was banish'd, and the better to approach him, all of them using the Ceremony of Suppliants, begging the same thing, touch'd his Feet and his Breast, took hold of his Hands, and stopp'd his Eyes with Salutes. *Cæsar* dismiss'd their Sute, and being entangled by the Ceremonies, rose up to extricate himself by Force. Then *Tullius Cymber*, with both his Hands pull'd off his Toga or Robe from his Shoulders, and *Casca* who stood behind, drawing a Ponyard, gave him a small Wound on the Shoulder. *Cæsar* laying Hold of the Hilt of it cry'd out with a loud Voice saying,
Wicked

Wicked Casca, what is it you do? and in Greek desir'd his Brother to assist him. Many of them now attacking Cæsar, and he looking about to defend himself, when he saw Brutus draw his Sword against him, he let go his Hold he had on Casca's Ponyard, and covering his Head with his Robe, left his Body expos'd to the Murderers, who crowding one upon another in Confusion to wound and make an End of Cæsar, hurt one another. Brutus himself stabbing him was wounded in the Hand, by one of his Companions, so that they were embru'd with Cæsar's Blood, and Cæsar with some of theirs.

Those very Men, who to render him odious, crown'd his Statue, and added to his Dignity and Power; when they were to murder, confin'd him by Way of Worship, press'd him with Ceremony, and blinded him with Kisses. The Embraces here were worse Murderers than the Daggers; for without those, these had not succeeded. A Stab may be given without fawning, but there is scarce any fawning without a Stab. Few Men look upon Flattery as an offensive Weapon, and there are fewer but what find it so. It is a Murderer that cannot be seen by the Guards of Princes; Death enters at their Eyes disguis'd in soothing Words. The Endearments of Palaces, produce Treachery, and Traitors, and the most innocent of them are but Introductions to Dissimulation. Falshood would appear as naked as Truth, did not Flattery cloath it in all Sorts of Colours. It is the Store-house of all Dispositions to Fraud, and of all the Instruments of Mischief. In it Passion finds a Sword, Anger a Mask, Treachery a Disguise; Surprise much Novelty, Malice a fair Outside, Corruption a Treasure, Ambition a Dress, Wickedness Honours, and Infamy a Stock. These Men humbled themselves before Cæsar in Order to cast him down headlong, they drew near him to take away his Life, they carry'd Wounds in their Embraces and Blindness in their Kisses. It was too late when he perceiv'd he was entangl'd, and got up to remove them

them by Force. It is hard for Princes to remove a domestick Danger; it is an easy Matter not to give Way to it; but impossible to shun it, when once admitted. It is an Evil past Redress, to resolve too late to remove the Evil. Whilst he sate still, they knelt to him; as soon as he got up they rose to cast him down. *Tullius Cymber* pull'd his Robe off his Shoulders, and then *Casca* gave him the first Stab behind. The King that suffers his Cloak to be taken away, gives an Encouragement to murder him. Those who strip him Face to Face, give a Signal to those behind to kill him. This first Wound, which *Plutarch* says, was not dangerous, prov'd Mortal, tho' the first; because it made Way for the rest. He who first casts off the respect due to Kings is the Ruin of them, because others follow him. He is guilty of what he does himself, and of what he causes others to do. *Cæsar* lay'd hold of *Casca's* Hand with the Ponyard in it, and with a loud Voice said to him in Latin, *Wicked Casca, what is it you do?* Strange Blindness of Tyrants, they see one strip them before, and another stab them behind, and yet they ask them, what it is they do. They justly suffer and without Redress, who ask the same thing they endure; there can be no greater Ignorance than to ask what one Sees. Herein consists the Danger of Monarchs, who neither know the Murderers when they kill them, nor Death itself when they are dying. *Cæsar* holds the Hilt of the Ponyard that wounded him in his Hand, and has the Point of it in his Shoulder, and yet he loudly asks the Murderer, what he does, when the Stroke and the Blood had before inform'd him. It is the Fate of careless Majesty to enquire of the Person that destroys it, and not to credit him that undeceives it. Would Kings enquire of their Wounds, and not of those who give them, they would be better inform'd to make their own Defence.

Cæsar look'd about upon them, and saw they all together attack'd him with their naked Swords; but perceiving that *Marcus Brutus* made towards him with his Ponyard.

Ponyard drawn, he cover'd his Head with his Robe and resign'd himself to the Fury of his Enemies. *Suetonius* writes that he said in Greek, *And are you among them, and you my Son.* How disorderly and full of Confusion is the last Hour of Tyrants; all or most of them dye, with kind Expressions in their Mouths to those that kill them. What other can he expect, who carries on his Sin till Death? *Marcus Brutus* was his Sin, the Son, as *Cesar* believ'd of his Adultery, and he admires that a Man who is a Kin to his Crime should be among those that wound him, and calls the Chief of the Conspirators his Son. He defended him, as has been said above, when he routed *Pompey* at *Pharsalia*; sent for him from *Larissa*; embrac'd him when he came to his Camp, pardon'd *Cassius* for his Sake; put him into high Posts, plac'd him near himself in the Senate; and he wonders to see him among those very Persons he set about him, and to see him in the very place he brought him into. Let Princes observe whom they place about them, and whom they converse with, for this is in their Power to do, but not to alter it when done.

As soon as he saw *Brutus* was against him, he gave over his Defence. This was a Proof of his Judgment, tho' it came too late, for he concluded himself dead, past all Redress, when he saw Ingratitude arm'd against him.

He cover'd his Head; *Pompey* did the same, when he perceiv'd there was no withstanding his Death from the base Sword of *Achillas*. This was a Piece of Heathen Superstition, that their Enemies might not perceive any thing unhandsome in their Death at the last Pangs. Their Valour extended so far, that they would not allow any Man to see the necessary Strugglings of the Body, nor the last Efforts of Life.

Suetonius observes that when he fell, he cover'd his Feet with his Robe, that he might fall decently. To use Precaution to fall handsomly, and to dye in the Dark, is no Direction of the Judgment, but a Circumstance of Folly.

Folly. It is better look to the Feet, that they may not fall, than to suffer them to fall, and take heed they be not seen. Covering himself from Head to Feet with his Robe, was making a Shroud of it. To provide for Things of small Moment after Death; and not to prevent the Dangers of falling into it, is an Affectation of Piety without Reality; it is an Appearance of Consideration, in the Want of it; and would have pass'd for a decent Modesty, when it was but a condemn'd Formality.

Cæsar being kill'd, as has been said, Brutus standing up in the midst of them all, endeavour'd with fair Speeches to detain and pacify them, but could not succeed, because they fled full of Dread and Consternation, and running out in a hurry, trampled upon one another at the Door, without any Regard, tho' no body pursu'd or threatned them.

There is nothing so much disguis'd as Sin; it shrouds and obscures the Senses and Faculties of its Followers, with that very Excess of Darknes which conceals the Ends it aims at. It is like a dark Lanthorn, which blinds and dazzles him that fixes his Eyes on it; it is like a Glow-worm, which being look'd upon at a Distance is taken for a Star, and being taken up is but a Worm that kindles into Brightness in the Dark, and vanishes in the Light. All these false Beams were cast into the Eyes of *Marcus Brutus*, and the Conspirators, by their Crime. It inspir'd them the Resolution, perswaded them to pursue it, chose them the Place, contriv'd the Treason, brought on the Hour, deliver'd up *Cæsar* into their Hands, unsheath'd their Ponyards, shed the Blood, and took away the Life of the Prince, and found them the Confusion it had reserv'd for them for taking it away; no Man sees the Face of his Sin without being disturb'd, and therefore Sin never discovers it, when in Agitation, but when committed. It puts on a Face resembling Virtue, to gain Admittance into the Will, which only affects that which is good, and what is Bad under the Notion of Good. Sin is an extraordinary

traordinary Comedian, it acts Abundance of Parts, and Persons, to the great satisfaction of the Audience, and yet is nothing of what it represents. It is the Cause and the Effect of Hypocrisy, being first a Hypocrite in Order to produce Sin, and then as the product of Sin a Hypocrite again. The very Moment the Conspirators began to murder *Cæsar*, they were in such Disorder, that they hurt one another instead of wounding him. There is nothing else good, if we may so call it, in Sin, but that it makes the Offenders share in the Harm it perswades them to do to another. Thus we see the Punishment of Evil commences by the wicked Man that does it. The Sword is as Thirsty of the Blood of the Murderer as of that of the Person it kills; I might say it is more eager after it, and with better Reason. They resolv'd to wound *Cæsar* alone, and their very Crime decreed they should wound one another.

Seeing them in a Consternation, and himself wounded, *Brutus* would have pacify'd them with Words and a formal Speech; but the Fear of Sin beginning in Blindness, and ending in Deafness, he found he had no Audience, because their Souls being attentive to the inward Discourse of their Conscience, full of Horror, and chilling their Hearts with mortal Fear, they obstructed one another's Flight at the Door, as they endeavour'd trembling and with violent Precipitation to get out of the Senate. Here was a plain Discovery of the deceitful Architecture in the Structures of Iniquity; the Entrance is easy, and the Way out difficult; the Bulk of Sin is very cumbersome, there is an open access to it, and as soon as committed that very Openness becomes streight. A Man easily gets in at any Door, but when Sin is in him, every Way out is too narrow. The Crime of those who do Wrong is a Main Offensive weapon of him that is wrong'd. Those who kill'd *Cæsar*, hurt one another to wound him, and hinder one another in making their Escape, because the

K

Death

Death of the murder'd Person began to contend with them.

They all fled overcome with Fear, scandalously embrown'd with Blood, and with their naked Ponyards. Brutus with his Companions retir'd to the Capitol. Mark Antony in a Fright, hid himself, changing his Cloaths. As soon as the Murderers came to the Capitol, they call'd together the People to Liberty. Great Cries were rais'd, and the various Opinions confounded the City, forming an undecided Tumult. But as soon as they understood that no Man was kill'd but Cæsar, that the City was not like to be plunder'd, and that the Action did not proceed from Revenge or Avarice, Abundance of the People, of the Nobility and Magistrates, joyfully resorted to the Capitol, and Marcus Brutus having assembled them together, made a Speech full of kind and loving Expressions, to justify the Motives of that Enterprize; so that being convinc'd by his Arguments they all with Shouts of Approbation, desir'd them to come out. Confiding in this Applause and Attendance, he set out with the rest, tho' not without Fear, and Abundance of the principal Men of the City accompanying Brutus in triumphant Manner from the Capitol, they brought him to the Rostra, or publick Place, whence Magistrates and great Persons were wont to harangue the People. The Multitude pay'd Respect to Brutus's Presence, and looking on his venerable Aspect, curb'd their headstrong Temper, always subservient to the Restlessness of Novelty, and heard his Oration very silently, contrary to the usual Practice of an united Commonalty.

It is a heinous Crime to murder any Man, but to murder a King is an execrable Villany, and a Treason not to be mention'd; nor is it so only to lay violent Hands on him, but even to reflect on his Person disrespectfully, and to think dishonourably of his Actions. A good King is to be belov'd, a bad one to be endur'd. God bears with a Tyrant, tho' it is he who can punish and depose him, and shall not a Subject bear who is bound to obey him? The Power of the Almighty
stands

stands not in Need of our Ponyards to execute his Punishments, or of our Hands to bestow his Vengeance.

These Murderers fled to the Capitol to secure themselves, and carried their Persecution along with them in their Crime. The Blood of *Caesar* that appears on their Hands, charges that with Treason which runs in their Veins. To secure themselves under a specious Pretence, they call'd the People to Liberty, a Name ever admir'd by the Licentious Multitude; and *Marcus Brutus* perceiving by the Countenances of those who were assembled, that they receiv'd it favourably, he boldly discover'd himself, and said.

Marcus Brutus's first Speech.

‘ *R*omans, *Julius Caesar* is the Man who is dead,
 ‘ and it was I that kill'd him; the Life I took
 ‘ from him he had robb'd your Liberty of. If it was a
 ‘ Crime in him to Tyrannize over your Liberty, it must
 ‘ be a noble Exploit in me to restore it. I kill'd him in
 ‘ the Senate-House, that he might not destroy the Se-
 ‘ nate. He died by the Hands of the Senators; the
 ‘ Laws Arm'd put him to Death; it was an Executi-
 ‘ on, not a Conspiracy. *Caesar* was executed, and no
 ‘ Man was a Murderer. None can be Criminals in
 ‘ this Case, but such of you as judge us to be Crimi-
 ‘ nals. I fled not to the *Capitol* to secure my Person,
 ‘ but to deliver these Words, for when you have
 ‘ heard them, I should wrong you did I fear you.

These Words were follow'd by a continu'd Applause of the People, who in thankful Manner desir'd he would go about the City with them, to receive the Commendations he deserv'd. *Marcus Brutus* relied upon these Expressions and outward Shows, and went with them all to the *Rostra* or publick Assembly, where all the Citizens of *Rome* were already assembled in several Parcels. He thought it convenient there to inform them more at large after this Manner.

Brutus's second Oration.

' Citizens of *Rome*, the civil Wars, of Companions
 ' you were before to *Cæsar* made you his Sub-
 ' jects ; and this Hand has restor'd you from Subjects
 ' to be Companions. The same Liberty my Predeces-
 ' sor *Junius Brutus* gave you against *Tarquin*, *Marcus*
 ' *Brutus* gives you against *Julius Cæsar*. I expect not
 ' your Thanks for this Benefit, but your Approbation.
 ' I never was an Enemy to *Cæsar*, but to his Designs,
 ' and on the contrary so highly favour'd by him, that
 ' I should be the worst of ungrateful Men for killing
 ' him, were I not the best of loyal Men. Neither En-
 ' vy nor Revenge had any Knowledge of my Design.
 ' I own that *Cæsar* for his Valour, for his Birth, and
 ' his Excellency in martial Affairs, and Learning, de-
 ' serv'd the greatest Honours should be bestow'd on
 ' him by your Bounty ; but I also affirm he deserv'd
 ' Death, because he would rather force them from
 ' you with the Power of bestowing, than deserve
 ' them ; and therefore I have not kill'd him without
 ' shedding Tears. I bewail'd what he destroy'd in him-
 ' self, which was his Duty to you, and Obedience to
 ' the Fathers. I did not deplore his Life, because I
 ' knew how to lament his Soul. *Pompey* slew my Fa-
 ' ther, and tho' I hated him as his Murderer, yet as
 ' soon as he took up Arms against *Julius* in Defence of
 ' you, I forgave him the Offence, obey'd his Orders,
 ' serv'd in his Army, and was undone with him at
 ' *Pharsalia*. *Cæsar* with singular Affection call'd me
 ' to him, preferring me before all others in Honours
 ' and Favours. I have thought fit to mind you of
 ' these two Passages, that you may be sensible that nei-
 ' ther the Wrong receiv'd could put me from your
 ' Service under *Pompey*, nor could Favours and Kind-
 ' nesses under *Cæsar* gain me against you. *Pompey* died
 ' through your Misfortune ; *Cæsar* liv'd to your Ruin ;
 ' I kill'd him for your Liberty. If you look upon this
 ' as

' as a Crime, I am proud to own it, if as a Benefit I
 ' humbly propose it. I am not afraid to dye for my
 ' Country, for I decreed my own Death before *Cæ-*
 ' *sar's*. You are all assembled, and I am in your Pow-
 ' er; let him who thinks himself unworthy of the Li-
 ' berty I bestow on him, throw his Dagger at me, for
 ' it will be a double Honour to me to dye, for having
 ' kill'd the Tyrant. If *Cæsar's* Wounds move you to
 ' compassion, look over your own Kindred, and you
 ' will find, that for him you have butcher'd your Fa-
 ' milies, and Fathers have stain'd the Fields with the
 ' Blood of their Sons, and Sons bath'd their Swords
 ' in that of their Fathers. I have punish'd that which
 ' I could not prevent, and endeavour'd to defend. If
 ' you charge me with a Man's Life, I charge you a-
 ' gain with the Death of a Tyrant. Fellow Citizens,
 ' if I deserve any Punishment, spare me not; if a Re-
 ' ward I forgive it.

This Speech produc'd such a Calm in their Minds,
 that their Anger was violently chang'd into Gratitude;
 and calling *Brutus* Father of his Country, they pro-
 pos'd that Honours should be granted, and Statues e-
 rected to him and his Followers.

*Tho' they applauded Brutus's Oration, they presently show'd
 that his Discourse had not pleas'd them all; for soon af-
 ter Cinna publickly beginning to curse Cæsar, and
 to rail loudly, impudently accusing him, the Multi-
 tude grew into a Rage, and ran to tear him in Pieces,
 as an insolent Fellow; and they had done it, but that he
 hid himself in the Throng. This Accident put the Con-
 spirators into such a Fright, that they again retir'd with
 Brutus to the Capitol, where he fearing to be besieg'd,
 dismiss'd all those that follow'd him, that they might
 not suffer with him and his Companions, having had no
 Hand in the Fact.*

No Action that is told to many, is approv'd by all;
 because it is impossible there should be a general Consent
 where there are good and bad, but of Necessity there
 must be Discord. Victory is always violent, because

the

the greater Number carries it, not Reason. This is the Danger of popular Assemblies, which are gather'd with the first Cry, and sway'd by the least Accident. He succeeds better in them who is forwardest, than he that justifies himself.

All heard *Marcus Brutus*, and tho' all did not approve of his Speech, yet because he spoke Modestly of the deceas'd, and respectfully towards his Audience, without railing at, or inveighing against the dead Man, *Cesar's* Friends suppressing their own Sentiments, struck in with those who were of *Brutus's* Opinion; but as soon as the indiscreet and base *Cinna* began with foul Words to throw Scandalous Reproaches on the Corps of *Cesar*, those who had been silent to *Brutus*, declar'd their just Resentment against *Cinna* and the Conspirators.

Cinna was a Counterfeiter of Virtue, talkative and false. He endeavour'd to excel in Wickedness, and was only asham'd that another should be worse than he; but such was his Life, that he never had Cause to be asham'd. He made it his Business to accuse good Men, without sparing the wicked; the former because they were his Opposites; the latter that they might not be his Competitors. His Cowardice was infamous; his envy was not check'd by Misery; nor did his Revenge end in Death. The envy'd Person was not safe against it by ceasing to be, because his Rage supported itself in endeavouring, tho' impossible, that he should not have been.

No Age, no great Undertaking has wanted Men thus qualify'd; as appears by the Disgraces and Misfortunes of Monarchies, which would never happen, if they were wanting.

To honour a dead Friend is religious; to honour a dead Enemy religious and honourable. He who affronts, or suffers his dead Enemy to be affronted, owns himself miserably happy, and infamously a Coward; since he could neither bravely get the better of him living, nor modestly when dead. He who bewails and
praises

praises his dead Enemy, artfully shows, that tho' he could not conquer him, yet still he hop'd to get the better of him, that he bore him with Resolution, and did not basely Fear him. How many Calamities have been caus'd by base rejoicing at the Death of Enemies, occasion'd by mean spirited Ring-leaders, who wanting Courage, by proclaiming their Victory, draw on their own Chastisement.

The People of *Rome* were not concern'd that *Caesar* was kill'd, but took it ill that he should be ill spoken of when dead. They had honour, and would not bear with those that had not. O wonderful Providence of God, that he only should stand up for *Caesar* who alone affronted him, that Reproaches should gain him Followers, and that the Abuses put upon him should revenge his Wounds.

' The Senate assembling the next Day in the Temple of Tyranny, *Antony*, *Plancus*, and *Cicero* proposing an Amnesty, and no farther Mention of all that had been done; they not only decreed that the Murderers should be clear'd, but that the Consuls should consider how to honour them. Thus the Senate broke up. *Mark Antony* sent his Son to the Capitol, and brought away *Brutus* and his Companions, whom all that met him by the way embrac'd, and accompany'd him with extraordinary Tokens of Affection and Friendship. *Antony* carried *Cassius* to sup with him, *Lepidus* took *Brutus*, and others of their Friends treated the rest. As soon as it was Day the Senate met, and in the first Place gave *Antony* Thanks for having suppress'd the Seeds of Civil War, and then distributed the Provinces *Brutus* had *Crete*, *Cassius Africk*, *Trebonius Asia*, *Cymbere Bithinia*, *Decius Brutus* that part of *Italy* called *Gallia Circumpadana*, or *Gaule*, about the River *Po*.

Who will not be scandalis'd to see that the Commonalty should show more courteous Charity towards the Prince than the Senate? What Prince will not look upon this as a Threat, if he does not take it for

a Warning? The Conspirators began the Murder of *Cæsar*, and they finish'd it, who rewarded them for the Murder. The Multitude would not suffer the dead Man to be wrong'd, and the Patricians rewarded his Wrongs with Provinces. There were few Emperors kill'd at *Rome* without the Senates having a Hand in it. Laws written are holy, they are profitable studied, the Council is the Father of Monarchs, but now it was a Step father, for the Pride of him that has Knowledge, is easily perswaded to vye with him he instructs, and despises him that obeys; and because only the Prince is more powerful than the Senate, therefore the Senate look'd upon the Prince as the only Obstacle to its being powerful alone. It had nothing to subdue but his Grandeur, and therefore was easily perswaded to bring it under.

Plancus, *Antony*, and *Cicero*, perceiving there was no raising *Cæsar* to Life again, and that the Senate being the Author of his Death, the People did not gainsay it, they very discreetly, to please the Senators applauded the Action, and to secure themselves against the Conspirators, propos'd that they ought to be rewarded. It was easy to perswade the Senate to what it was before pleas'd with, because Men seldom make any Difficulty of decreeing those Honours in which they are Sharers.

Cicero's Design was to favour *Cæsar's* Heir, *Mark Antony's* to favour himself, considering as a Lover of Innovation, that in great Revolutions of States there is a ready Disposition for violent Resolutions. Thus both of them receded from their Design to bring it about. They sided with the Conspirators, the better to divert them from the Punishment they were contriving for them. They disguis'd their Thoughts with Applause, and gave way to Heat and Novelty, that their Project might not be discover'd, and both of them kept themselves from one another by the same thing they agreed in.

Next they divided the Provinces among themselves, which was no other than sharing the Tyranny they had chastis'd in *Cæsar*. They took not the Tyranny away, but only alter'd it. It is hard to secure the Life of one Man, when many are to thrive by his Death. If Sons take it as a greater Kindness in their Parents to dye, that they may inherit, than to beget them, that they may be their Sons, what Privilege can there be found to secure itself in Princes?

Marcus Brutus receiv'd more from *Cæsar* than the Province of *Crete* was worth, but there is a Vanity in Treason. The Thief had rather have a little he takes, than a great deal given him. The Robbery that plunders States, is that which playing the Hypocrite with Avarice, calls it Disinterestedness not to receive from another, and Honesty to take all. Not to receive from him that can give, in Order to take away his Power, that they may take what they please, is properly a forcing of Power.

' *Cæsar's* Funeral and Will being then in Debate,
' *Antony* propos'd that the Will should be read in
' Publick, and the Body not be Buried Private, or
' Dishonourably, lest the Multitude, then upon a Fer-
' ment, should be more offended. *Cassius* stiffly op-
' pos'd it; but *Marcus Brutus* was of *Antony's* Opini-
' on, and voted that *Cæsar* should have a solemn mag-
' nificent Funeral, and his Will be read in publick.
' Here *Brutus* forfeited his Judgment again, and com-
' mitted a second Error, not inferior to that of spa-
' ring *Antony's* Life. *Cæsar's* Will was read in pub-
' lick; wherein he order'd that his Treasure should be
' distributed among the Citizens of *Rome*, giving e-
' very one of them three hundred *Sesterces*, and
' that all his Gardens, Farms, and Lands beyond the
' River *Tyber* should be divided among them. The
' People hearing these Legacies were wonderfully in
' Love with *Cæsar*; and mov'd to Compassion. *Mark*

Antony laying hold of the Advantage gain'd by reading the Will, and seeing the Funeral pass by, made an Oration in praise of *Cæsar*; and perceiving his Speech had gain'd upon the Multitude, to heighten their Compassion, he stretched out his Arm, and laying hold of *Cæsar's* Garment, held it up all bloody and rent with the Stabs given him, showing it in that Manner to the People. This rais'd their Sorrow to such a Pitch, that nothing was to be heard but weeping and cries, demanding the Murderers to tear them Piece-meal. They ran immediately, and pulling down their Tribunal Seats, Chairs and Tables, cast them into the Funeral Fire, where *Cæsar's* Body was burning, sparing nothing either for its Value or being Sacred. When the Flame ascend'd, they took up burning Fire-brands on all sides, and ran with them to fire the Houses of *Cæsar's* Murderers, but they secur'd themselves by timely Flight.

By these contrary Resolutions it appears how changeable the Minds of the Multitude are; they quit what they embrac'd, because they only embrace in order to quit.

The Conspirators had not only the Senates Approbation and Protection, but were rewarded. *Mark Antony* observing what a Colour of Justice *Brutus* gave to the Murder, propos'd two plausible Points, which were that *Cæsar's* Will should be publicly read, and his Body buried with Pomp. *Cassius* hotly oppos'd it, as being the Man, who had propos'd the murdering of *Mark Antony*, who now made this Overture, which he therefore rejected, as also because it was equitable. He well knew there is no Security for one Crime, unless it be supported by another; that a considerate Malefactor is brought to Punishment, and that a rash one, tho' he deserves, delays it. He alledg'd that a wicked Man, who pleaded any Virtue in his Defence, deliver'd himself up to the Judge, and to his Condemnation; that one Vice was link'd upon another, and

 right

right and wrong could not agree. On the other Hand, *Marcus Brutus* regarding the Opinion of *Mark Antony* as decent and religious, approv'd of it, that his Murder might not relish of ill Nature and Cruelty. It is the highest Justice, that a wicked Man who goes about with his Crime to discredit that which is good, should be deceiv'd by that very Vertue he profanes.

Cæsar's Will was read aloud, and his Legacies, distributing all his Treasure and Possessions among the Citizens, and adopting *Octavianus* in the first Place, and *Decius Brutus* in the Second.

No sooner was the Multitude sensible of *Cæsar's* Generosity, but that being won by his Gifts, they resolv'd to destroy the Murderers.

Generosity is so great a Virtue in Monarchs, that the People do not only give their Liberty in Exchange for it, but even proclaim a bountiful Tyrant, a just Prince; and tho' a King excel in all other Virtues, if he is covetous, they hate him as a Tyrant.

Justice, Clemency, Valour, Modesty, and Temperance are Virtues seldom universally applauded by the Multitude; because the Revenge, the Envy, or the ill Lives of many of the common Sort make them wish that he were cruel to others; that he were leud to justify them; that he were a Coward for them to carry on their Practices; and that he were unjust, so their Crimes might go unpunish'd. But that Generosity which all Men partake of, is commended by all Men, by the Good as a Reward, by the Wicked as a Salary. Generosity gives a Relish to all the Princes Actions, it magnifies the Good, and excuses the Bad; it takes off all Imputations whilst living, and purchases Tears at his Death. If a Just, Modest, and brave Prince is succeeded by another, who is so too, they never miss him; a bountiful Prince is always miss'd, because the present Wants refresh the Memory of those the Predecessor reliev'd, and those reliev'd take Place of those he then reigning can supply.

Mark Antony very well knew, as being *Cæsar's* intimate Friend and Confident, that he had such a Clause in his Will, and therefore he desir'd it might be, and caus'd it to be read in publick; he also knew that when the People heard it, they would cry up murder'd *Cæsar*, and destroy the Murderers. It fell out as he expected, for the last Words of the Clause were immediately follow'd by a general mournful Cry, and nothing could be heard but confus'd Lamentations, and furious Threats. *Agrippina* knew better how to manage her Villany, when trusting to the Conscience of *Xenophon* the Physitian, who gave the Emperor *Claudius* a mortal Poison as an Antidote against the moderate Poison he had before taken, she suffer'd not his Will to be read, by which Means she secur'd the Throne to *Nero*, so says *Tacitus Annal. lib. 13.*

By this Time *Cæsar's* Body was brought in with great Pomp and Majesty, to be burnt, according to the Heathen Custom, who thought the devouring Flames a more decent and becoming Burial than the corrupting Earth.

As soon as *Mark Antony* saw it by the Funeral Pile, getting up into a high Place he spoke thus.

Mark Antony's Oration.

THIS is not a Day to talk of *Julius Cæsar*, but to show him, your Eyes will give you better Information of his Wounds than my Tongue. Give ear to his Body, for those cruel Stabs have a Voice, and will perswade you more efficaciously, being open'd by the cruel Ponyards of his Relations, than my Mouth now stopp'd up with Sighs; and overflown with Tears. His Virtues were those that purchas'd him such Envy, and in so saying, I tell you how great they were. So generous was his Valour, that Death could not reach him, but through the Treachery of his Son, and most favourite Friends. His Arms were so just, that if we will stand by
the

' the Decision of Heaven, the Gods themselves ap-
 ' prov'd them by Success against all his Enemies. His
 ' Exploits are all yours, and this Cities Glory, which
 ' is the Head of the World. Had *Pompey* overcome
 ' *Cesar*, they had kill'd *Pompey* and they murder'd
 ' *Cesar* because he overcame. They erected Statues
 ' to the Misfortune of the former, and dedicated Pony-
 ' ards to the Victory of the latter. He did not design
 ' to deprive you of your Liberty, but to ease it of the
 ' heavy Burden of the Dominion of many Fathers, by
 ' the moderate Rule of one only Son. They kill'd
 ' him not because he was a Tyrant, but because he
 ' hindred them from being such. Yesterday they mur-
 ' der'd him, and to day the Murderers have given
 ' themselves the Provinces. They mangled him that
 ' gain'd them for you, and divided them among them-
 ' selves as a Reward for having butcher'd him; making
 ' the noble Triumphs of your General, the Price of so
 ' base a Murder. How could he design to take away
 ' what you have, who, as you have heard, in his Will
 ' left you all he had: And who, had so great a Love
 ' for you, that could he speak, he would thank the
 ' Villains for his Death, because it hastens your Inhe-
 ' rritance in the Performance of his Will. You are
 ' *Cesar's* Heirs, you have his Estate, his Body is
 ' before you, and so are his Murderers. It be-
 ' longs to you so to distribute the Fire, that it may
 ' at once consume his dead Body, and revenge his
 ' Wrongs.

Antony perceiving that these Words had stirr'd up all
 the City to pay the due Honours to the deceas'd, and
 to punish the Malefactors, he took up *Cesar's* Gar-
 ment he had brought with him all stain'd with Blood,
 and rent with their Daggers, and holding it up to the
 People, added these Words.

' This is the Robe, which upon *Cesar* was honoura-
 ' ble, and in my Hands represents nothing but Hor-
 ' ror; his Blood which the World admir'd has sully'd
 ' it

‘ it all over, do not you suffer that blemish to lye upon your Honour.

No sooner had he spoke the Words, but they cast into the Fire the Seats of the Temples and Courts of Justice, and all they found of Value, which burnt furiously, and as the Flame ascended, laying hold of Fire-brands and burning Pieces of Timber, they ran with the utmost Fury to set Fire to the Houses of the Conspirators.

O the wonderful Justice of God, which providently order’d and contriv’d, that the same Fire should consume *Cæsar’s* Body and the Houses of his Murderers. The Conflagration at the same Time perform’d an Act of Piety and another of Justice, and the Flame buried *Cæsar* and reveng’d him; for Villany never kindled a Fire against another, but it drew some Part upon itself.

‘ *Marcus Brutus*, and the Conspirators perceiving
 ‘ how near the Danger threatned them, they fled from
 ‘ the Tumult *Mark Antony* had rais’d, and went to
 ‘ *Antium*, there to expect till the Heat of the People
 ‘ declin’d, which they hop’d from the mutable Disposition
 ‘ of the unsteady Multitude, ever given to
 ‘ change, the Senate being on their Side, which punish’d
 ‘ those who had only for the Names sake kill’d
 ‘ *Cinna*, a Poet, who was *Cæsar’s* Friend, taking him
 ‘ for the other *Cinna*, who had rail’d at him; and had
 ‘ also secur’d those who went to burn his House.
 ‘ They were encourag’d by being inform’d that the
 ‘ People, fearing the Tyranny *Mark Antony* design’d
 ‘ to set up, wish’d again for *Brutus*; but he kept off,
 ‘ understanding that the Veteran Soldiers, to whom
 ‘ *Cæsar* had given his Lands, sought after him in several
 ‘ Bands to kill him. He was also disturb’d at
 ‘ the sudden coming of *Octavius* to the City, whom
 ‘ *Cæsar* call’d Son in his Will, and appointed him his
 ‘ Heir. When *Cæsar* was murder’d, *Octavius* was
 ‘ following his Studies at *Apollonia*, but as soon as he
 heard

heard of his Death, he came away to *Rome*, and taking the Name of *Cesar* to oblige the People with the Memory of his Father, gain'd the Veteran Troops to his Side, with Gifts and their Pay. *Cicero* out of Enmity to *Mark Antony*, favouring *Julius Cesar's* Party, in his Son *Octavius*, *Brutus* writ a Letter to him to dissuade him from establishing a Monarchy by allowing a Succession. But some in the City siding with *Octavius*, and others with *Mark Antony*, and the mercenary Armies hasting upon Call where the best Pay was, *Brutus* despair'd of the Commonwealth, and resolving to quit *Italy*, went away a Foot through *Lucania* to *Elea* on the Sea-coast.

It is dangerous to bear so much as the Name of evil Men, and as beneficial to have the same Name with the Good. The Poet, tho' *Cesar's* Friend and passionate Lover, was torn in Pieces by the furious Multitude, because his Name was *Cinna*, as well as his that rail'd at *Cesar*, without any other Offence, but the Mistake of the Name. On the other Hand *Octavius* call'd himself *Cesar*, because it was the Name of *Julius*, and this gain'd him Love, Followers, Arms and the City.

The Senate obstinately persisted in the Defence of the Murderers, since it punish'd those who kill'd innocent *Cinna*, and seiz'd those who ran with Firebrands to burn their Houses. This Success lull'd them into Security, but they dismay'd as soon as they heard of the coming of *Octavius*, and that he was supported and protected by *Cicero*. *Brutus* not daring to oppose this in Person, sent the following letter to *Cicero*.

Brutus's

Brutus's Letter to Cicero.

I AM inform'd that, to oppose the Tyranny *Mark*
Antony aims at for himself, you procure it for
Octavius, *Cesar's* adopted Heir. This is not oppo-
 sing the Tyrant, *Cicero*, but making him. You do
 not hate the Government but the Emperor. You
 oppose the Sovereignty in *Mark Antony*, because you
 hate him, not because you hate the Sovereignty. It
 is of worse Consequence to give it to *Octavius*, than
 to leave it to *Antony*; by how much it is worse
 to continue Tyranny by Inheritance and Succession;
 than to begin it by Violence, because this is ever
 look'd upon as Criminal, whereas the other gains a
 good Name. If *Octavius's* Virtues and Mildness pre-
 vail on you, remember that our Fore-fathers would
 never be subject to good Men by the Name of Lords.
 Observe that Men do not practice those Virtues in
 their Reign, which make them worthy of the
 Throne, and that Liberty is equally lost under a
 good Prince, and under a bad one. Why do you ex-
 clude *Mark Antony*, if you admit of *Octavius*? If
 you urge there is no other Medium to exclude *Anto-*
ny, that is no Medium, but a Pretence to be re-
 veng'd on him by hindring him from being Ty-
 rant of *Rome*; and on *Rome* by giving it to *Cesar's*
 Successor, which is a foul selfish Practice. Observe
 how much you are in the Wrong, *Cicero*, since you
 cease to be a Traytor to your Country in *Mark Anto-*
ny, that you may be the same in *Octavius*, and that
 your Ambition, and Indiscretion will be more visi-
 ble than theirs, since you would have it appear that
 you can take away and bestow the Empire, that the
 Emperor knowing himself oblig'd to you for it, may
 be subordinate to you and your Creature, if he is not
 grateful and submissive. And perhaps you may gain
 the ill Will of him that is depos'd, and reap no Ac-
 knowledgment

‘ knowledge from him you Enthronè. I look up-
 ‘ on it as a Fault in me to give the Advice I ought to
 ‘ ask of you; do you consider how much you will
 ‘ be to blame for not receiving that you ought to
 ‘ give.

Cicero read this Paper, but the Noise of the Facti-
 ons set up by *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*, gave him
 not Leasure to consider and obey it. They both put
 the Issue of their Power upon Money, and bought Ar-
 mies, and Cities. *Brutus* seeing the Power of Arms
 wholly plac’d in Money, and Reason giving Way to
 Arms, despair’d of any Redress, and banishing him-
 self out of *Italy*, went to *Elea* to see what Time would
 produce.

There are two things remarkable in this Part of my
 History. The first the wicked Artfulness of *Mark An-
 tony*, and the stupid Bluntness of *Marcus Brutus*.
 The second to understand the Causes, why *Tarquin*
 who actually Reign’d, being expell’d by *Junius Brū-
 tus*, the Liberty of the Commonwealth, which was
 sought after, entu’d; and *Julius Caesar*, who had not
 yet began to reign, being murder’d by *Marcus Brutus*,
 the Liberty then enjoy’d was so far from being con-
 tinu’d, that the Sovereignty, so much dreaded, was e-
 stablish’d.

To the first Point, I say, that *Mark Antony* knew
 well how to put in Execution what he thought ill,
 and *Marcus Brutus* executed that ill which he thought
 well. *Brutus* labour’d for others, *Antony* for himself.
 The former trusted the Senate, the latter confided in
 no body. *Brutus* to avoid committing Evil, did not
 kill, nor suffer *Mark Antony* to be kill’d, and suffer’d
Caesar’s Will to be read, and his Body to be buried
 with publick Pomp. *Antony*, that no Wickedness
 might escape him, stirr’d up *Caesar* to Disobedience,
 and render’d him odious, placing Crowns on his Head
 at the publick Sports, as appears in his Life; assisted
 him in his last Resolution, that he might have some-
 thing to lay to his Charge; hid himself at his Death;

the better to impose upon the Conspirators; brought them out of the *Capitol* to betray them; deceiv'd them, the People, the Senate, and even *Cesar* that was dead, making an Oration in Defence of him, and with his Robe stirr'd up the People against the Murderers, and then declar'd against *Cesar*, and against his Heir, discovering the Falshood of his Designs. In fine, *Antony* prevail'd against *Brutus*, because he knew how to be wicked to the utmost, and *Brutus* was undone, because he would be bad in a moderate Way.

One of the greatest Wits of *Italy* has spoken learnedly to the second Point; I forbear translating him, not because I undervalue his Reflections, but because the Life I write affords me other Causes.

The first, *Tarquin's* Manners, who from his wicked Behaviour was call'd *Superbus*, or the Proud. *Livy* describes them in the first Book of his first Decade, and I translate them here for the Satisfaction of the Reader.

' *Tarquinius*, who from his Behaviour had the
' Name of *Superbus*, or the Proud, began his Reign.
' He refus'd to bury his Father-in-law; slew the best
' of the Fathers, only because they favour'd *Servius*;
' and thinking that others might learn of him to u-
' surp the Crown, he secur'd himself with arm'd
' Men. He had no other Right to the Throne, but
' Force, as not reigning by the Choice of the People,
' nor the Consent of the Fathers. Besides that de-
' spairing of the Affections of the Citizens, he was
' oblig'd to support himself by Fear; and in Order to
' be dreaded, he decided all capital Cases of himself,
' without Advice; and thus it was in his Power to
' kill, to banish, and to seize the Estates, not only of
' suspected Persons and such as he hated, but even of
' those against whom there was nothing to alledge,
' but that they had something to lose. Having thus
' diminish'd the Number of the Fathers, he resolv'd
' not

not to chuse others in their Places, that the Smallness of the Number might make the Senatorian Rank contemptible, and they the less resent their wanting Power to do any thing. He was the first that broke through the ancient Rule establish'd by his Predecessors, not to do any thing without the Advice of the Senate, and govern'd the State by his private Council. He made War, Peace, and Alliances of himself, with the Approbation of only such as he lik'd, without the Consent of the People, or of the Senate.

These are *Livy's* own Words faithfully and exactly translated. These were such Practices, that as no Man can be a Tyrant without them, so none who follows them can fail of being a Tyrant.

Thus it evidently appears that *Tarquin*, who was guilty of them was a Tyrant, and that *Julius Caesar* who was so far from all or any of them, that he affectionately and vigorously acted the contrary, was no such, but rather a brave, merciful, and generous Prince. It follows, from the Difference and Oppositeness of these two Persons, that *Tarquin* for his Offences deserv'd to lose the Kingdom he had inherited, and *Julius Caesar* for his Virtues to perpetuate the Empire he had not, to his Successors.

Having shew'd the Difference betwixt the two Princes depos'd, it remains to demonstrate the Difference there was, no less than the other, between the two *Brutus's*, who attempted the deposing of them both.

Junius Brutus was call'd *Brutus*, because he feign'd himself a Fool, tho he was wise and discreet, that *Tarquin* might not suspect him. *Marcus Brutus* always endeavour'd to appear wise, that he might in the End be found a Fool. How much more effectual against Tyrants is Wisdom conceal'd, than the vain Ostentation of it. What could be more foolish than *Junius Brutus*, by his feign'd Beastliness become the Sport of the Boys, and the Diversion of the Rabble.

What could be wiser than *Junius Brutus*, who knowing how to counterfeit such Ignorance of what he knew, that he over-reach'd the Tyrant's Malice, and fitting his Punishment to the Crime which all Men were concern'd for, in *Tarquin's* ravishing *Lucretia*, being mov'd by Compassion for her much lamented Death, lost not Time to contrive an Insurrection, but revolted without any Preparation, or Conspiracy. He made Use of the People for inflicting the Punishment, and neither trusted the People nor the Senate, but oblig'd them both to leave the Righting of their Wrongs to him. In the Deposition, and Banishment he spar'd neither Wife, nor Children; did not give Way to moving Spectacles and Contrivances; and undertook severely to punish the Wrongs of the Nobility, the Commonalty; the Rich and the Poor; Men and Women; the People and the Senate; and thus could in them all, revenge them all; which cannot be done by him, who designs to make Use of the Ambition of one Party, to revenge the Injuries of the other, or to satiate his own Avarice.

Marcus Brutus was quite contrary in all Respects. What was more elegant than his Writings? More admirable than his Studies? More Learned than his Orations? More honour'd than his Manners? More free from Interest than his Governments? And more brave than his Person? This at first; but at last when it came to the Execution of his Designs; what can be imagin'd more foolish, or brutal than *Marcus Brutus*. What more criminal Folly than to suffer himself to be oblig'd by *Cæsar* with Honours, Preferments, and Favours su'd for, to prove himself ungrateful and treacherous.

What greater Absurdity than to suffer *Cassius* to perswade him to the Danger, and not to be prevail'd upon by him to secure himself by the Death of *Mark Antony*, and by concealing *Cæsar's* Will and his Body?

What

What blinder Ignorance than to put the Defence of the Murder in the Persons of the Assassines, and his own Fortune upon the Unsteadiness of the giddy Multitude.

What more insolent Brutishness than to kill *Cesar* in the Senate by the Hands of the Senators, that the Place and the Persons might sanctify the Crime, without considering that the Villany discredited the Persons and the Place.

What viler Stupidity than to murder *Cesar* as a Tyrant, and the very next Day to share the Provinces among the Murderers, as the Reward of their Crime?

What plainer Bestiality, than to endeavour to persuade the People of *Rome*, that *Julius Caesar* was worthy of Death and unworthy of the Empire, when he had seen, that the most and the best of that People of *Rome*, supporting him in the Civil Wars, had judg'd him meritorious of the Crown and supreme Dignity.

Thus it appears that the Difference between the two Princes, and that between the two who conspir'd against them was the Cause that *Junius Brutus* banishing *Tarquin*, who was actually King, should establish Liberty, and that *Marcus Brutus* by murdering of *Julius Caesar* should erect the Empire.

The Difference between the two Princes was so great, as that *Tarquin* was a Tyrant, and *Julius Caesar* not. This the one proves against the other. *Tarquin* was a Tyrant as being such as has been represented. *Julius Caesar* was no Tyrant, because no way like *Tarquin*.

Marcus Brutus did not judge right of Tyranny, taking him for a Tyrant, who supported by Valour, his many Virtues and the Success of his Arms, takes to himself alone that Dominion in a Commonwealth, which is confusely manag'd by a partial Multitude of Senators; whereas this is not setting up a new Sovereignty, but exchanging the Discord of many for the Unity

Unity of a Prince. This is not depriving the People of their Liberty, but easing them of a Burden; the Commonalty is under a worse Subjection to an elective Senate, than to an hereditary Prince. Good Laws are better answer'd by one, who sees them executed, than by many who make it their Business to put Interpretations on them. Such is the Vanity of Senators that they had rather have their Interpretation of the Laws obey'd, than the Laws themselves in their plain Meaning.

That Prince is a Tyrant, who as such, makes Peace uneasy and War inglorious, who Robs his Subjects of their Wives, and takes the Lives of the Men; who follows the Dictates of his Appetite, rather than his Reason; who does not affect to be belov'd, but to be hated for his Cruelty; and for the same Reasons Senators are Tyrants in Commonwealths, and they are a Multitude of Tyrants.

This was the Reason, these the Motives, why *Tarquin* alive and reigning was justly depos'd, and *Cesar* who had not yet reign'd and was dead, was Elected and Crown'd in his Successors; and as the Name of King remain'd odious, and criminal in *Rome*, because the former bore it; so that of *Cesar*, for being his, became the honourable Title of the Emperors of *Rome*.

The Difference between the Managers of these two Actions has been already set down, I will repeat it in a few Words. It was that *Junius Brutus* began like a Fool, and ended like a Wise Man; and *Marcus Brutus* began like a Wise Man, and ended like a Fool.

O the Power and Eternity of Virtue! Which springs fresh even after Death; which gathers Strength by Opposition; which gains Reputation from its Enemies; and is often condemn'd, but never vanquish'd. Its Reward is in it self, she is the offspring of Truth, in vain discredited by Hypocrites, and gloriously supported by the Saints. May my Writings be efficacious in
persuading

peaswading of her to the World, that as they are more useful than Elegant, they may be read for Profit rather than Delight.

And thou ever fatal. and never unpunish'd Wickedness, the untimely Birth of Hell, the Child of Falshood, the Merit of Damnation, the Laviſher of Souls, the Purchaſer of Pains, the Contriver of Discord, whoſe Life is worſe than Death, and whoſe Continuance the moſt pernicious End ; do thou ſhow thy ſelf ſo barefac'd in this Hiſtory, that being read you may prove a Warning ; and the more Readers you meet with, the fewer Followers you may find ; ſince my Deſign has been, tho' I could not remedy what is paſt, to bring your Actions as an Example for the future.

Do you, good and juſt Princes learn to be fearful even of the Benefits you beſtow. Do you Tyrants learn to dread your own Cruelties. Do you Nations learn to reſpect and to bear with a good, or a bad Monarch. In the mean While, if I ſhall perceive that your Amendment is the Fruit of this firſt Part, I will thankfully apply my ſelf to the Second, that the End of *Marcus Brutus* may ſhow what all ſeditious and reſtleſs Spirits are to expect. Allow me the Juſtice of my Intentions, all you who do not approve of my Stile.

F I N I S.

The first thing I noticed when I stepped
 out of the car was the heat. It was a
 sticky, oppressive heat that seemed to
 wrap around me. I had heard that the
 weather in New Orleans was terrible, but
 I didn't realize it would be this bad.
 The humidity was like a heavy blanket,
 and I was sweating profusely. I looked
 around at the other people in the car
 and saw that they were all feeling the
 same way. Some were wiping sweat from
 their foreheads, while others were
 fanning themselves. I felt a bit
 embarrassed, but I knew I wasn't alone.
 The car started moving again, and I
 saw the city of New Orleans in the
 distance. The skyline was visible, with
 the tall buildings and the river. I
 felt a sense of anticipation, knowing
 that I was about to experience the
 city that I had heard so much about.
 The car stopped at a red light, and I
 saw a group of people standing on the
 sidewalk. They were looking at the car
 and talking to each other. I felt a
 bit curious, but I didn't want to
 get out of the car. I knew I had to
 wait for the light to turn green.
 The car started moving again, and I
 saw the city of New Orleans in the
 distance. The skyline was visible, with
 the tall buildings and the river. I
 felt a sense of anticipation, knowing
 that I was about to experience the
 city that I had heard so much about.
 The car stopped at a red light, and I
 saw a group of people standing on the
 sidewalk. They were looking at the car
 and talking to each other. I felt a
 bit curious, but I didn't want to
 get out of the car. I knew I had to
 wait for the light to turn green.

31-1-13

